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POEMS,

SACRED AND MORAL.

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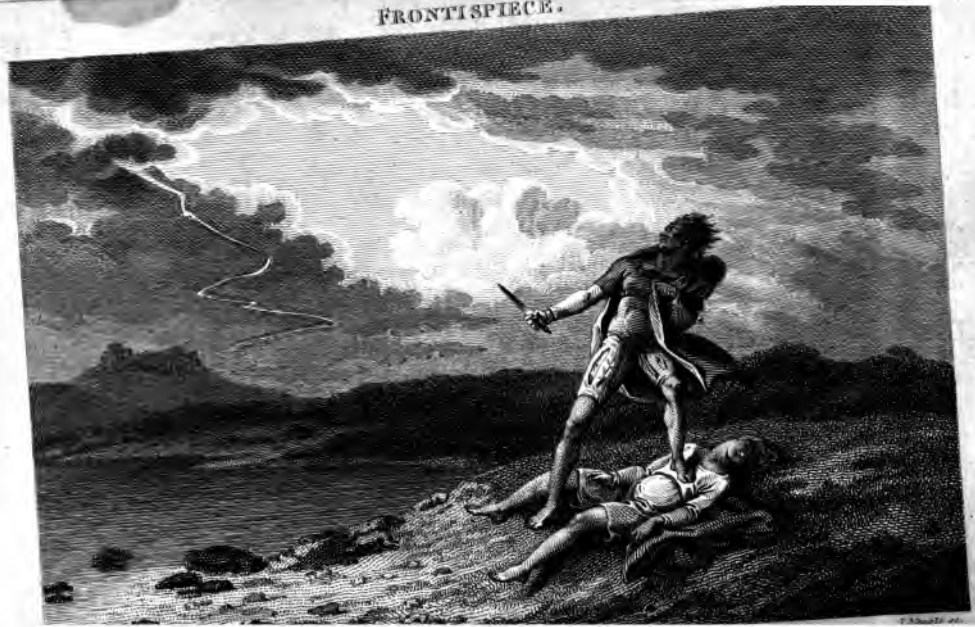

POEMS,

SACRED AND MORAL.

BY

THOMAS GISBORNE, M. A.

" I would not trifle merely, though the world
" Be loudeſt in their praiſe, who do no more."

COWPER.

DEC 6

THE THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:

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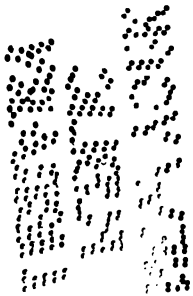


TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LADY HARROWBY,

THE FOLLOWING

POEMS

ARE,

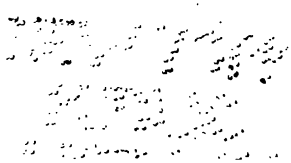
WITH GREAT RESPECT,

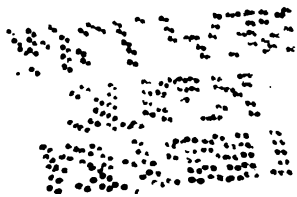
ESTEEM, AND REGARD,

INSCRIBED,

BY

THE AUTHOR.





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POEMS,

SACRED AND MORAL.

CONSCIENCE.

"THERE—lie for ever there—" the Murderer ſaid;
And preſt his heel contemptuous on the dead—
"No terrors haunt the well-concerting mind!
"Vengeance my aim, thy gold I leave behind:
"Clutch'd in thy graſp be thy own knife ſurvey'd—
"Thus—ſo may death ſelf-ſought thy name degrade!
"My ſteel, that did the deed, this lake ſhall hide—
"Hence—ruſt beneath the all-concealing tide—

" The long deſcent theſe mounting bubbles tell—
" Down; down—ſtill deeper—to the fancied Hell.
" But why this needleſs care?—The wretch unknown—
" My garment bloodleſs—no man heard him groan—
" Nor He, the fabled Monarch of the ſkies—"
He ſpoke, and fix'd on heaven his iron eyes.

No terrors haunt the well-concerting mind!—
Say'ſt thou, when March unchains the midnight wind?
When the full blaſt, as Alp-deſcending Po
Whirls through the rocky ſtreight the liquid ſnow,
Down the vale driving with reſiſtleſs courſe,
Pours on thy walls its congregated force;
When tottering chimnies bellow o'er thy head,
And the floor quakes beneath thy ſleepleſs bed?

No terrors haunt thee!—Say'ſt thou, when the ſtorm
Bids all its horrors, each in wildeſt form,
From adverſe climes on wings of thunder haſte,
And cloſe around thee on the naked waſte:

Bids at each flaſh untimely night retire,
And opes and ſhuts the living vault of fire:
When from each burſting cloud the arrowy flame
Seems at thy central breaſt to point its aim;
While craſh on craſh redoubles from on high,
As though the ſhatter'd fabric of the ſky
Were hurl'd in hideous ruin through the air,
To whelm the guilty wretch whom lightnings ſpare?

No terrors haunt thee!—Lo, 'tis Winter's reign:
His broad hand, plunging in the Atlantic main,
Lifts into mountain piles the boiling deep,
And bounds with vales of death each billowy ſteep.
Now, when thy bark, the dire aſcent ſurpaſt,
Turns to the black abyſs the downward maſt;
In that dread pauſe, while yet the dizzy prow
Poiſed on the verge o'erhangs the gulph below;
Now preſs thy conſcious boſom, and declare
If guilt has raiſed no throbs of terror there.

Still art thou proof?—In ſleep I ſee thee laid:
Dreams by the paſt inſpired thy ſleep invade.
Houſeleſs and drear a plain expands in view:
There travels one like him thy fury ſlew:
Couch'd in the brake, a ruffian from his den
Starts forth, and acts thy bloody deed again:
Like thine his mien, like thine his iron ſtare
Fix'd in defiance on the vault of air.
Lo, as ſecure he quits the unplunder'd dead,
Wide-weltering ſeas of fire before him ſpread:
With frenzied ſtep he hurries to the ſhore,
Shrieks, plunges headlong, and is ſeen no more!

Thou wak'ſt, and ſmil'ſt in ſcorn!—Has Heav
no dart
Potent to reach that adamantine heart?
Yes. He, whoſe viewleſs gales the foreſt bend,
Whoſe feebleſt means attain the mightieſt end,
Touches the ſecret ſpring that opes the cell
Where Conſcience lurks, and ſlumbering horrors dwe

Lo, as the wretch his careleſs path purſues,
Struck by his foot a ruſted knife he views.
In thought the blade conceal'd from mortal eyes
Beneath the lake his troubled ſoul deſcries.
In wild diſmay his clouded ſenſes ſwim;
Cold ſtreams of terror bathe each ſhivering limb:
Then with new fires in every nerve he burns;
To earth, to heaven, each flaſhing eyeball turns;
Buries with frantic hand the avenging knife
Deep in his breaſt, and renders life for life.

FUTURITY.

Behold yon ſeaman from the o'erhanging ſhore
Imagined lands acroſs the main explore.
Dim ſpecks and formleſs lines, with ſtraining gaze,
Loſt in the faint horizon's twinkling haze,
Uncertain of its mark his eye purſues;
Nor knows if hills, or fogs, or clouds it views.
Lead but his faltering powers to Wiſdom's light,
Through Herſchel's wond'rous tube direct his ſight;
Clear o'er the wave the purple mountains riſe,
And ſeem to penetrate the ſtooping ſkies.

Tir'd of the preſent, reckleſs of the paſt,
With wiſtful glances to the future caſt;
Man, toſt in changeful thought, with hope elate,
Wavering, dejected, ponders on his fate:—

" Teach me, great Nature! Yields the ſoul to Death;
" Or ſeeks new regions with the parting breath?—
" And what new region?—And muſt Guilt deſpair?—
" Or how, if Juſtice reign, reigns Mercy there?"—
In ſyllogiſtic hood conjecture veils;
Proves moral laws in metaphyſic ſcales;
Hears adverſe reaſonings noify warfare wage,
Fool refute fool, and ſage encounter ſage;
Sees darkneſs thicken o'er his cloſing ſpan:
And Fear concludes the ſearch that Doubt began.
Heaven-taught, again he meditates the tomb:
Beams evangelic diſſipate the gloom.
What ſcenes unfold! " Hail, opening bliſs!" he cries,
While tears of rapture tremble in his eyes:
" Graved on that myſtic Croſs I read, 'Forgive!'
" Lo! a Redeemer dies that I may live:
" Lo! riſing Saints atteſt the vanquiſh'd grave:
" Lo! grace to renovate, a God to ſave.
" Adieu to fear, uncertainty, and ſtrife:
" Hail, hail, ye glories of immortal life!"

FORTITUDE.

Its wings around the yielding town *
The victor hoſt unfurl'd—
"And ſhall my ſhame," ſaid Cato, "crown
"The conqueſt of the world?

"Unarm'd, bareheaded, on the ſands
"Shall I the tyrant meet?
"Shall I be dragg'd by ſervile hands
"To crouch at Cæſar's feet?

* Utica.

" Shall I, the jeſt of gazing Rome,
" Swell his triumphal pride?
" Be life and ſhame the coward's doom——"
He graſp'd the ſword, and died.

Unpitied Louis groan'd forlorn,
While murderous Hate decreed
In the broad eye of public ſcorn
His deſtined head to bleed.

Malice, afraid to loſe her prey,
Watch'd o'er his forfeit breath;
And ſnatch'd with jealous haſte away
Each inſtrument of death *.

" Unknown the temper of my ſoul,"
He cries, " ye ſeize the knife.
" A ſtronger Power than man's control
" For you ſhall guard my life.

* See Clery's Journal de ce qui s'eſt paſsé à la Tour du Temple pendant la captivité de Louis XVI. A Londres, 1798.

" Let Paris, while ſhe rears the block,
" With exultation ring;
" And ſend her myriads forth to mock
" Him that was once her King!

" O, never ſhall this hand profane
" The faith to God it owes.
" Thou bid'ſt me, Heaven, the life retain
" Thy will as yet beſtows!"

Lo here the Fortitude compared
That Truth and Error give!
'Twas but to die the Roman dared:
The Chriſtian dares to live.

EQUITY.

TURN, turn thy haſty foot aſide,
Nor cruſh that helpleſs worm:
The frame thy ſcornful looks deride
Requir'd a God to form.

The common Lord of all that move,
From whom thy being flow'd,
A portion of his boundleſs love
On that poor worm beſtow'd.

The Sun, the Moon, the Stars HE made
To all his Creatures free;
And ſpreads o'er earth the graſſy blade
For worms as well as thee.

The Crown to awe, the Rod to ſmite,
Is Man's by law divine:
But ſacred be each humbler right
That claſhes not with thine!

Let ſavage prowlers of the wood,
With thirſt of hunger bold;
Let poiſonous foes, by land or flood;
Let plunderers of thy fold;

Let pilferers of thy hoarded grain,
To juſtice victims die:
But injure not the *harmleſs* train
That creep, or walk, or fly.

Let them enjoy their little day,
Their lowly bliſs receive:
O, do not lightly take away
The Life thou canſt not give!

LIFE.

A Soldier's courſe from battles won
To new-commencing ſtrife;
A Pilgrim's reſtleſs as the ſun:
Behold the Chriſtian's life!

Prepared the trumpet's call to greet,
Soldier of Jeſus! ſtand.
Pilgrim of Chriſt! with ready feet
Await thy Lord's command.

The hoſts of Satan pant for ſpoil:
How can thy warfare cloſe?
Lonely thou tread'ſt a foreign ſoil:
How canſt thou hope repoſe?

Seek, Soldier, Pilgrim, ſeek thine home,
Reveal'd in ſacred lore;
The land whence Pilgrims never roam,
Where Soldiers war no more:

Where Grief ſhall never wound, nor Death,
Beneath the Saviour's reign:
Nor Sin with peſtilential breath
His holy realm profane:

The land where, Suns and Moons unknown,
And Night's alternate ſway,
Jehovah's ever-burning throne
Upholds unbroken day:

The land, for Heaven its bliſs unſeen
Bids earthly types ſuggeſt;
Where healing leaves and fadeleſs green
Fruit-laden groves inveſt:

C. A sound by yon rock, not unchecked nor suppressed.
As from Lilia's half unconscious sculping urn heard.

ASTOR
TILDEN

Where Founts of Life their treaſures yield
In ſtreams that never ceaſe;
Where everlaſting mountains ſhield
Vales of eternal peace:

Where they who meet ſhall never part;
Where Grace atchieves its plan:
And God, uniting every heart,
Dwells face to face with man.

STANZAS

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN IN A TOWER COMMANDING AN EXTENSIVE PROSPECT.

See, the long beams of dawning light
With dewy ſilver gem the plain;
Kindle the vapoury mountain's height,
And ſpread with gold the crimſon main—

—Why bid the fires of Morning hail,
The miſty pageant of an hour?
See Noon through cloudleſs ether ſail,
And panting Nature own her power.

But lo! the pride of Noon decays.
What flames the brow of Eve inveſt!
See earth and heaven, a boundleſs blaze:
See Nature hail the peerleſs Weſt!

Behold, the gorgeous viſion flies:
See, ſee the laſt expiring ray!—
O, why the paſſing glory prize,
Nor think on realms of endleſs day?

Morn yields to Noon, and Noon to Eve.—
O Father! let my heart be placed
Leſs on the world I ſoon muſt leave,
And more on that to which I haſte.

STANZAS
TO A CHURCH-BELL.

Sonorous Braſs of changeful power,
Now whirl'd amain, now ſwinging ſlow,
Alike prepared to hail the hour
Of hope or fear, of joy or woe!

When Sabbath-tracks to prayer invite,
Or babes acquire a Chriſtian's name,
Or Wedlock's holy ties unite,
Thy notes the feſtival proclaim.

And when unbodied ſpirits fly,
Thy knell reveals the parting breath;
And when the lifted bier draws nigh,
Conducts it to the vault of death.

When rebecks greet the jocund wake,
Or May-day wreaths perfume the plain;
The labouring ſpire thy carols ſhake,
And rouſe to mirth the village train.

When gleamy fires the corn-ſtack climb,
Or flames the ſinking roof invade;
In quick alarm thy backward chime
On diſtant hamlets calls for aid.

When Jervis lops the flying hoſt;
When Howe or Duncan * ſhouts "Deſtroy!"
Thy clanging peals from coaſt to coaſt
Exploſive bear a people's joy.

And when to Henry's hallow'd ground †
In ſable pomp ſhall George be borne;
Thy muffled ſtrokes in broken ſound
Shall tell how boding nations mourn.

* Theſe lines were written antecedently to the glorious victory obtained by Rear-Admiral Nelſon over the French Fleet near the Mouths of the Nile. Providence, however, during the courſe of the preſent war, has not only bleſſed His Majeſty's Naval Commanders with ſuch ſignal wiſdom and valour, but has alſo crowned that wiſdom and valour with ſuch extraordinary ſucceſſes; that a Writer, who, in order to illuſtrate or to dignify his ſubject, incidentally notices the merits of ſome of theſe diſtinguiſhed Officers, muſt find it impoſſible to ſelect names for his purpoſe without omitting others equally entitled to the moſt honourable commemoration.

† Henry the Seventh's Chapel, the burying-place of the kings of Great Britain.

Emblem of man's uncertain tongue,
That owns each varying paſſion's ſway;
From hope to fear, from plaint to ſong,
Transferr'd within one little day!

Sonorous Braſs, let grief or joy,
Let ſober truth or wild pretence,
Or hope or fear thy tones employ;
Alike in thee 'tis innocence.

Not ſo, when man's uncertain voice
Conſpires to aid the foul intent,
Purſues unawed its headſtrong choice,
By malice urged, on vengeance bent;

With rage o'erwhelms, with guile betrays,
The living wounds, defames the dead,
Love with envenom'd ſcorn repays,
With curſes loads a brother's head;

The Power, whoſe nod is fate, defies,
Diſdains his mercy, braves his ire,
Scoffs the bright manſions of the ſkies,
And Hell's blue lakes of endleſs fire.

O, when the Dead of every age,
For Judgement ranged in order due,
In Accuſation's open page
Each "idle word" recorded view *;

What crowds ſhall wiſh their tongues, like thee,
Had but perform'd a mimic's part;
Had moved from conſcious meaning free,
Nor told the language of the heart!

* "I ſay unto you, that every idle word that men ſpeak, they "ſhall give account thereof in the day of Judgement." Matth. chap xii. ver. 36.

THE

BIRTHDAY-EVE.

O'ER the Lake's placid boſom, for huſh'd was the night,
With its fires all unclouded the Firmament glow'd;
And ſaw kindred fires dart an emulous light,
Deep ſunk in their fathomleſs cryſtal abode.

No ſcreech-owl diſturb'd the repoſe of the wood;
No watch-dog foreboded diſquiet and harm;
No torrent, in cataracts hurling its flood,
With Fancy's calm dreams blended noiſe and alarm.

One ſtreamlet remote, from the margin that fell,
On the ear ſtealing ſoft in low murmur complain'd:
Yet the murmur but ſeem'd the more clearly to tell
By a contraſt ſo gentle the ſtillneſs that reign'd.

A ſound by yon rock, nor uncheck'd nor ſuppreſt,
As from lips half unconſcious eſcaping was heard;
Then, as rapt meditation expanded the breaſt,
Clear, ſtrong, and unbroken the deſcant recurr'd.

" Yes, Morn, when emergent ſhe crimſons the ſea,
" And Noon, throned on high when ſhe ſcorches
" the plain,
" And Eve, when ſhe fades from each glimmering
" tree,
" And Night, with new worlds when ſhe ſpangles
" her train:

" All, glorious all! Hark, in turn they declare
" The fount, whence the tide of reſplendency
" flows!
" How glorious they in their manſions of air!
" How glorious He, who ſuch glory beſtows!

" On the wings of the whirlwind He meaſures the
" ſky,
" Now viewleſs in light, now in darkneſs array'd;
" O'er Creation expands his unſlumbering eye,
" And in wiſdom controls what in wiſdom he made.

" He bids the red thunderbolt ſleep in its cloud,
" While calmly it floats o'er the head of the juſt;
" But wings it with rage at the creſt of the proud,
" Brings him down, lays him low, brings him down
" to the duſt.

" King of Kings, Lord of Lords, God of heav'n, as
" of earth,
" Supreme, as in wiſdom, in might and in love!
" Thy ſheltering hand overſhadow'd my birth,
" And hung o'er my childhood a ſhield from above.

" When borne on the treacherous current of youth,
Thy love ſteer'd my bark, and made tranquil the
" ſtream;
" Unfolded benignant the lamp of thy Truth,
" And bade me, tho' trembling, rejoice in the beam.

" To the bright ſhore of Manhood when eager I flew,
" And, with novelty charm'd, the gay landſcape
" ſurvey'd;
" To a lone valley pointing thy Love bade me view
" How ſoft was the verdure, how peaceful the ſhade;

" Bade my feet from its confines aſpire not to ſtray,
" Bade me trace its pure brook, nor the ſtreamlet
" diſdain;
" Bade me learn (may I learn!) from the emblem
" my way
" In ſilence to hold, yet to hold not in vain.

" O Father! for now from her orbit the year,
" Ere yon fires ſet again, ſhall her ſpeed have with-
" drawn;
" And another with pinions unfurl'd her career
" Stands prepared to begin at the peep of the
dawn;

" O, frown not, her tribute while gratitude pays,
" And hails Thee with rapture the Lord of her doom;
" If Hope, ſtill confiding, her accent ſhould raiſe,
" And plead with Thee, Father, for mercy to
come!

" Be the year now at hand as the day that is
paſt!—
" As the Sun roſe this morn in calm luſtre array'd,
" So riſe the new year by no grief overcaſt,
" No turbulent ſtorm of misfortune diſmay'd!

" On the ſplendour of noon no obſcurity ſtole,
" Save the dim flitting cloud, that but temper'd
" the ray;
" So if Sorrow muſt darken the months as they
roll,
" O, mild be her ſhadows, and paſſing her ſway!

" As the Moonlight now ſlumbers on wood, hill, and
" plain,
" And in ſilence the winds and the waters repoſe;
" So may Peace ſhed her beams on the year in its
" wane,
" So bright be its evening, ſo tranquil its cloſe!

" And when morn and eve I no longer behold,
" When days, months, and years, Lord, I number
" no more;
" In the arms of thy mercy thy ſervant enfold,
" Thy Works to contemplate, thy Name to adore!

" Oh! cleanſed in His blood, who on Calvary groan'd,
" In His merits array'd my unworthineſs ſee ;
" For the leaſt of his brethren * thy Son hath aton'd:
" Be through ages eternal a Father to me!"

* " He is not aſhamed to call them brethren." Heb. ii. 11.

THE SUN.

PRIME luſtre, bright emblem of Bounty Supreme,
Who crownedſt the glow of Creation's gay dawn;
King of Planets, that ſparkle adorn'd by thy beam,
Or fade into gloom from thy preſence withdrawn!
While millions of eyes on thy Majeſty gaze,
From worlds beyond worlds amid ether that roll:
O, ſhake not the fires on thy forehead that blaze,
And aſcribe to thyſelf what was made for the whole.

From the throne whence thou guideſt obedient ſpheres,
O, ſcorn not the frail generations of man.
What if threeſcore and ten be the term of his years?
Lo! thouſands, or myriads, number thy ſpan.
Why exult o'er yon orbs that in ether's wide ſea
Around thee for ages their circuit have trod?
"They ſhine but with radiance borrow'd from Me!"
And thou but with radiance borrow'd from God!

Exult then, O Sun, in the pride of thy ſway,
As from ſleep ſprings a Giant elate in his might:
With power undiſguiſed awe the regions of Day;
By the Moon, thy fair delegate, govern the Night.
Yet here, in this boſom, an inmate reſides,
An ethereal ſpark, of flame purer than thine;
Illumined by Him, who o'er Nature preſides,
Who bade me adore, and ordain'd thee to ſhine.

When the Soul, all extinct her ethereal fire,
In Guilt's murky labyrinth lay down to die;
The Saviour beheld her, and, quenching his ire
In Mercy's bright fountain, He ſtoop'd from the ſky.
On Golgotha bleeding,——thou ſawſt it aghaſt,—
Thou ſawſt it, and horror o'erclouded thy face,——
On Golgotha bleeding, He pardon'd the paſt;
And ſhower'd on her darkneſs the ſplendours of Grace.

Alas! If, abſorb'd in pollutions of clay,
Beams of love ſhed from Heaven profanely ſhe ſpurn;
How bleſt, could ſhe fade with thy periſhing ray,
And with thy ſinking orb into Nothing return!
But how bleſt if, my Saviour, renew'd by Thy light,
She ſprings at Thy call from defilement below,
With Seraphs for ever, while ſuns ſet in night,
For ever, for ever and ever, to glow!

ODE*

TO THE HARP OF COWPER.

WHILE empty ſounds inceſſant ring
From many a human lyre;
Why, Harp of Cowper, ſleeps thy ſtring,
Touch'd with ethereal fire?

Unchaſed by yonder feeble ſun,
Have vapours dank of earth
Quench'd, ere thy maſter's courſe be run,
That ſpark of heavenly birth?

* Written about the end of the ſummer of 1798.

The ſpark from Heaven can never die.—
Has then the hallow'd flame,
Of mortals weary, ſought the ſky,
Returning whence it came?

No, never ſhalt thou mourn the blaze
From thy vibrations fled.
Lo, ſtill its lambent glory plays
Around thy maſter's head.

Seeſt thou forlorn thy maſter ſtand
Pierced by the ſhaft of pain?
Hath ſlow diſeaſe unnerved the hand,
That woke thy holy ſtrain?

Yes, Pain hath bent and twang'd her bow,
And launch'd her keeneſt dart:
And pale diſeaſe with footſtep ſlow
Hath mined thy maſter's heart.

O, ſoon may He, whoſe face more bright
The clouds of woe reveal,
Recal the eye's declining light,
The wounded ſpirit heal!

Yet, for his hidden ways in vain
Our labouring thoughts explore;
Perchance He wills thy holy ſtrain
To ſound on earth no more.

In ſleep then unrepining lie,
If ſuch be Heaven's decree,
Till, for "the twinkling of an eye" *,
Thy maſter ſleep with thee.

A little while thy ſleep prolong,
Till hence with him removed;
Then wake to raiſe the eternal ſong
Before the God he loved.

* 1 Cor. ch. xv. ver. 20.

ODE

TO THE MEMORY OF

WILLIAM COWPER, Esq. *

I. 1.

" Seraph !"—from Heaven's eternal throne
Slow the ſolemn accents roll——
" Thou, by whoſe hand on David's favor'd ſoul
" Through clouds of grief my mercy ſhone:
" To him, whom now 'tis thine to guard,
" A bleſſing in affliction's form convey.
" Go, gently on the Chriſtian Bard
" The wand of ſorrow lay."

I. 2.

The obedient Spirit flies.
Aid to Salvation's heirs ordain'd to lend,
Miniſtrant hoſts his flight attend.
Hark to the ſong that rends the ſkies!

* Written in the Spring of 1800.

" From the flame's refining power
" More pure the gold of Ophir flows:
" From affliction's fiery hour
" More bright the Chriſtian's virtue glows.
" Bard, lov'd of Heaven! thy Saviour's face
" Though clouds and darkneſs hide;
" 'Tis but a moment. Canſt thou doubt his
" grace?
" For thee the Saviour died."

I. 3.

Around the unconſcious Bard with pitying gaze
The heavenly ſquadrons ſtand.
With pealing ſwell and ſolemn pauſe
He ſings the Great Redeemer's praiſe.
Nigh the raptur'd Seraph draws:
With ſmiles of love he waves his hand;
And cries, " 'Tis Mercy," while he lays
On Cowper's brow the wand.
With nerves unſtrung, and aſpect pale,
The ſon of ſorrow lies:
And ſad and wildering viſions fail
Before his vacant eyes.

II. 1.

" Seraph!"—from God's eternal throne,
Hark, the dread beheſt again!
" The gold is tried: bid ceaſe my ſervant's pain;
" Go, make the Heaven he ſang his own."
——" Secure thy Truth, untired thy Love,
" Parent of Good!" angelic hymns reply,
" To Saints that live in bliſs above,
" To Saints below that die."

II. 2.

On Sorrow's couch reclined
Behold the Bard! Mark ye the beamleſs glance
Wide-wandering ſlow in dizzy trance;
The ſigh that ſpeaks the wounded mind?
Weak his hand; yet ſtill it ſtrays,
Sweet lyre! athwart thy hallow'd frame:
Faint his voice; yet ſtill would raiſe
In broken tones his Saviour's name.
Seraph! O, haſte the glad command—
" In bliſs," he cries, " repoſe."
The Chriſtian ſinks: behold an angel hand
The ſtiffening eyelid cloſe!

II. 3.

" Servant of God!"—through Heaven the ſounds
are ſpread—
" Servant of God! well done.
" Thy warfare's paſt, thy toil is o'er:
" Viſions of woe no longer dread.
" Moon and ſtar thou need'ſt no more,
" Nor yonder periſhable ſun:
" The night of earthly noons is fled,
" The eternal day's begun.
" Thy Maſter calls."—" Awake, awake,"
Proclaims the Incarnate Word;
" Servant of God! well done: partake
" The glories of thy Lord."

THE

DYING INDIAN:

AN ODE.

PREFACE.

An American Indian, when captured in war by ſavages of another tribe, is commonly tortured to death by fire. In that caſe, after previouſly enduring much barbarous uſage, he is finally faſtened to the ſtake; and ſings, while burning, his death-ſong. The general tenor of the death-ſongs may appear by the following extracts from Carver's Travels into the interior parts of North America, 2d edit. p. 337—341.

"The priſoners deſtined to death are ſoon led to "the place of execution, which is generally in the "centre of the camp or village; where, being "ſtripped, and every part of their body blackened, "the ſkin of a crow or raven is fixed on their "heads. They are then bound to a ſtake with

" faggots heaped around them; and obliged,
" the laſt time, to ſing their death-ſong.
" warriors, for ſuch it is only who commc
" ſuffer this puniſhment, now perform in a m
" prolix manner this ſad ſolemnity. They recoı
" with an audible voice, all the brave actions t
" have performed; and pride themſelves in
" number of enemies they have killed. In
" rehearſal they ſpare not even their tormentc
" but ſtrive, by every provoking tale they can
" vent, to irritate and inſult them."

" An Indian, who was under the hands of
" tormentors, had the audacity to tell them, t
" they were ignorant old women, and did not kı
" how to put brave priſoners to death. He
" quainted them that he had heretofore taken ſc
" of their warriors; and inſtead of the tri
" puniſhments they had inflicted on him, he
" deviſed for them the moſt excruciating torme1
" that, having bound them to a ſtake, he had ſt
" their bodies full of ſharp ſplinters of turpen
" wood, to which he then ſet fire; and dan
" around them, enjoyed the agonizing pangs of
" flaming victims."—

Of another Indian, tortured to death in his preſence, he ſpeaks thus: "During this time he "ſung his warlike exploits. He recapitulated "every ſtratagem he had made uſe of to ſurpriſe "his enemies: he boaſted of the quantity of ſcalps "he poſſeſſed; and enumerated the priſoners he "had taken. He then deſcribed the different "barbarous methods by which he had put them to "death; and ſeemed even then to receive incon-"ceivable pleaſure from the recital of the horrid "tale. But he dwelt more particularly on the "cruelties he had practiſed on ſuch of the kindred "of his preſent tormentors as had fallen into his "hands: endeavouring by theſe aggravated inſults "to induce them to increaſe his torments, that he "might be able to give greater proofs of fortitude. "Even in the laſt ſtruggles of life, when he was "no longer able to vent in words the indignant "provocation his tongue would have uttered, a "ſmile of mingled ſcorn and triumph ſat on his "countenance."—

The Indian ideas of futurity are thus deſcribed. "They doubt not but they ſhall exiſt in ſome future "ſtate. They however fancy that their employ-

" ments there will be ſimilar to thoſe they ar
" engaged in here, without the labour and diſi
" culty annexed to them in this period of the
" exiſtence. They conſequently expect to be tran
" lated to a delightful country, where they ſha
" always have a clear unclouded ſky, and enjoy
" perpetual ſpring; where the foreſts will abour
" with game, and the lakes with fiſh, which mig
" be taken without requiring a painful exertion
" ſkill, or a laborious purſuit.—But they expe
" that theſe pleaſures will be proportioned and di
" tributed according to their merit. The ſkilf
" hunter, the bold and ſucceſsful warrior, will l
" entitled to a greater ſhare, than thoſe wh
" through indolence or want of ſkill, cannot boa
" of any ſuperiority over the common herd
(Ibid.)

THE
DYING INDIAN:
AN ODE.

I. 1.

"WHY pauſe before I burn?
" Your torments I defy!
" Convoke your chiefs, from me to learn
" How Mohawk Warriors die."
Impatient torture hail'd the morn:
The ſtake was rear'd, the captive bound:
The ſmouldering faggot ſlowly blaz'd.
Age and youth aſſembled round
With taunting aſpect gazed;
While thus, retorting ſcorn for ſcorn,
The ſong of death he raiſed.

I. 2.

" Pale at the ſight of blood,
" Ye Women-Chiefs, go hunt ſome helpleſs prey
" Lurk for the marten, traps for ſables lay,
" Or ſpear the beaver plunging in the flood:
" But, Cowards, well beware
" The wolf or rugged bear!
" Vileſt of the Indian name,
" Children, that tremble at a Mohawk's frown;
" Unſkill'd with glorious pangs to crown
" The dying Warrior's fame!

I. 3.

" Is this your vaunted art?
" Is this to act the Torturer's part?
" Go, rival a Moſquito's ſmart!
" Your braveſt chiefs of yore
" I ſeized: their fleſh my burning pincers tore.
" Round them I wove the glowing cane:
" Red ſplinters pierced each hiſſing vein:

" While from my back, in bloody triumph hung,
" Scalps of their ſlaughter'd brethren ſwung.
" The Woods return'd their moan.
" I watch'd the writhing limb,
" Saw the rack'd eyeball ſwim,
" And laugh'd at every groan!

II. 1.

" Prepare to meet their fate.
" See Mohawk vengeance riſe!
" Your race I doom to Mohawk hate!
" Lo, ſwift as lightning flies,
" My ſons your ſculking wiles have croſs'd:
" The wood they ſcour, the ſwamp, the glen:
" I ſee the ſhortlived fray!
" Wood and hill and trackleſs fen
" Echo your wild diſmay.
" Cowards! your ſcorched bones are toſs'd
" Of Mohawk dogs the prey.

II. 2.

" Behind yon mountains blue,
" Clear to the valiant, to the coward's eye
" Hung, a dim vapour, in the diſtant ſky,
" My fires the chaſe renew;
" And ſcenes of martial deed,
" The dauntleſs Warrior's meed.
" There they mark your ſervile race
" To women's toils, the coward's doom, confi
" My Sires! I come: we mount the wind,
" And ſcoff at their diſgrace!"

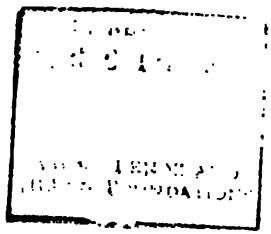
II. 3.

He ſpoke, he laugh'd, he died.
" Hail, my unequall'd Son," ſaid Pride.
" Not ſo;" a voice from Heaven replied.
" Is He the truly brave,
" Victor of pain, but thine and paſſion's ſlave?

" His holy head ſee Stephen bow :
" See meekneſs calm his angel brow *.
" Around ſee Malice ſcowl, ſee Vengeance glare † ;
" See Rage the murderous ſtones prepare ;
" And Saul the garments keep.
" Hark !—' Lord, their ſin forgive !
' My ſpirit, Lord, receive !—'
" He ſpake, and fell aſleep."

* " They ſaw his face as it had been the face of an Angel." Acts, ch. vi. ver. 15.

† See Acts, ch. vii. ver. 57, to the end.



THE REFORMATION: AN ODE.

I.

"'Tis mine, the ſway from pole to pole—"
Attend! 'tis Superſtition's boaſt—
The ſceptre mine that awes the ſoul
"In Lapland wilds, on India's coaſt.
Caffraria's trembling chiefs to Me
And Gambian monarchs bow the ſervile knee.
My rites thy countleſs multitudes, Cathay,
And Niphon's bloody iſles obey.

" Before his monſter-idols prone,
" Or Lama's never vacant throne,
" The Tartar crouches to my rod.
" Columbia's ſavage at my nod
" Cries to the Spirit of the midnight wood,
" Or ſooths the fancied Power that thunders in the
" flood.

II.

" But chief o'er Thee, once dreaded Foe,
" Thee, ſelf-proclaim'd the Eternal's Son,
" My favourite wreaths of triumph glow;
" From Thee my faireſt realms are won.
" Thy harveſts fill the wondering Eaſt—
" I call my locuſt-armies to the feaſt *.
" The living clouds from Arab deſerts riſe;
" And darkneſs wraps the noontide ſkies:
" An Eden ſpreads before their face;
" Behind, a naked wilderneſs.

* Revelations, chap. ix. ver. 1—11.

" Has aught eſcaped them? At my glance
" My Euphratéan Horſe advance *;
" From plain to plain in whirlwind havoc ſhoot,
" And grind with iron hoofs each deſolated root.

III.

" And now the adverſe clime I greet †.
" There, central in thy new domain,
" His throne the exiled Dragon's ſeat ‡,
" Behold my dread Vicegerent reign!
" Before him, lo! with rival zeal,
" Thy captives once, ten vaſſal monarchs kneel ‖,

* Revelations, chap. ix. ver. 13, to the end.

† The Weſtern Roman Empire; which was not converted to Chriſtianity until ſome time after the eſtabliſhment of the Goſpel in the Eaſtern Empire.

‡ " And the Dragon gave him his power, and his ſeat, and great " authority." Revelations, chap. xiii. ver. 2.

‖ " And the ten kings—have one mind, and ſhall give their " ſtrength and power unto the beaſt." Revelations, chap. xvii. ver. 12, 13. See alſo ver. 17, 18.

" Bend to his foot the gold-encircled brow,
" And as to Heaven in homage bow.
" Sublime his triple crown he rears;
" Treads in the duſt his vanquiſh'd peers *;
" With irreverſible decree
" Metes out the land, divides the ſea †;

* He is deſcribed as having " A mouth ſpeaking very great " things, and a look more ſtout than his fellows." Daniel, chap. vii. ver. 20.

† The Papal claims to dethrone ſovereigns and diſtribute kingdoms are well known. The Pontiff Eugene IV. about the year 1438, iſſued a Bull granting to the Portugueſe all the countries which they ſhould diſcover from Cape Non in Africa to the confines of India. See Robertſon's Hiſtory of America, 4th edit. vol. i. p. 59—61. In the year 1493, Pope Alexander VI. made a ſimilar grant of America to the Spaniſh monarchs. And, to prevent this grant from interfering with his predeceſſor's donation to Portugal, he drew an imaginary line along the ſea from pole to pole an hundred leagues to the Weſtward of the Azores; and beſtowed all to the Eaſt of this line on the Portugueſe, and all to the Weſt of it on the Spaniards. Ibid. p. 140.

" Annuls thy laws, degrades thee with a nod,
" And in Jehovah's fane exalts himſelf as God *.

IV.

" In him my delegated ſway
" Soon ſhall the fartheſt North adore,
" And Adel's plains of orient day,
" And California's evening ſhore;
" And Fuego join the firm accord,
" Till Earth with all her tongues proclaim him Lord.
" And Thou, who dar'ſt with Me the ſceptre ſhare—
" What outcry ſhakes the ſtagnant air?

* " There ſhall come a falling away firſt, and that Man of Sin " be revealed, the Son of Perdition, who oppoſeth and exalteth " himſelf above all that is called God, or is worſhipped; *ſo that* " *he, as God, ſitteth in the temple of God, ſhewing himſelf that* " *He is God.*" 2 Theſſ. chap. ii. ver. 4. See alſo Revelations, chap. xiii. ver. 6.; and Daniel, chap. vii. ver. 25.; and chap. xi. ver. 36.

" Why heaves and ſwells yon torpid deep ?
" Ten thouſand moons have ſeen it ſleep !
" Why undulates the ſtedfaſt ground ?"—
Amazed ſhe eyes the regions round.
Then with inſtinctive dread her look ſhe bends
Where her Vicegerent's throne in hallow'd ſt
aſcends.

V.

On ſeven proud hills of old renown
The imperial fortreſs rears its creſt *:
Around unnumber'd bulwarks frown ;
And terror chills the conſcious Weſt.
A lamb, fair ſign of peace and love,
Trac'd in the broider'd banner floats above.
But mark the walls beneath ! The emblem vain
Waves o'er the ſcourge, the rack, the chain,

* See Revelations, chap. xvii. ver. 9. and 18.

And nameleſs forms of torturing power:
And ſtill to each embattled tower,
And each tall parapet along,
Fierce bands in ſable armour throng:
And oft in flames the bolt of vengeance hurl'd
Uproots oppoſing thrones, and awes the proſtrate world.

VI.

Even now behold the ſigns diſplay'd
Of rouſed alarm, of vengeful ire!
Volumes of ſmoke the pile o'erſhade;
Each roaring turret pours its fire.
For lo, the keen-eyed Guards deſcry
In human guiſe an Angel Foe draw nigh!
Still as more fierce the vollied lightning glows,
His form dilates, his ſtature grows.
Nor ſpear nor ſword he deigns to wield;
Backward he flings his radiant ſhield:
Beſide yon bulwark takes his ſtand;
The buttreſs graſps with giant hand;

Shakes, Sampſon-like, the nodding towers amain,
And opes the mighty rent, that ne'er ſhall cloſe again

VII.

"So wait, Abhorred Pile, thy fall—"
Ere yet anew he ſeeks the ſkies,
"So nurſe beneath thy ruin'd wall
"Thy ſerpent brood," the Victor cries.
"So wait thy fall, ſo nurſe thy brood
"O'ergorged and drunk with Saints' and Marty
"blood *;
"Till, cloſed the number'd years by Heaven aſſign'
"The ſcorners of its law to blind,
"And prove by more than Pagan rage
"The votaries of the ſacred page;

* "And I ſaw the Woman drunken with the blood of "Saints, and with the blood of the Martyrs of Jeſus." R ch. xvii. ver. 6.

† The 1260 years ſpecified as the term of the Papal domini Revelations, chap. xi. ver. 2, 3.—Chap. xii. ver. 6. 14.—Chap. ver. 5. Daniel, chap. vii. ver. 25.;—chap. xii. ver. 7.

" He, Lord of Angels and of Men,
" In Thee ſtill crucified again *,
" Comes, robed in clouds, to vindicate His name,
" And ſink thy mouldering wrecks in everduring
" flame †.

VIII.

" Servants of God! far hence repair;
" Come forth, come forth, ere yet too late:
" Who join her ſins, her fate muſt ſhare:
" Fly, fly her ſins, nor ſhare her fate ‡!"

* "—The great city" (Rome) "where alſo our Lord was cru-
" cified," figuratively, in the perverſion of his religion, and the perſecution of his faithful ſervants. So it is ſaid in the Epiſtle to the Hebrews, chap. vi. ver. 6.—concerning apoſtatiſing Chriſtians; " They crucify to themſelves the Son of God afreſh, and put him " to open ſhame."

† " And her ſmoke roſe up for ever and ever." Revelations, chap. xix. ver. 3. See alſo chap. xvii. ver. 16—18.; and chap. xviii. ver. 8, 9. 18.

‡ " Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of " her ſins, and that ye receive not of her plagues." Revelations, chap. xviii. ver. 4.

Germania, ſtarting at the ſound,
And Cimbrian cliffs the warning notes rebound.
Swift o'er the Codan wave the echo flies * ;
And Scania to the call replies.
Heard ye Helvetia's riſing gales ?
Alps cry to Alps, and vales to vales.
Lo, Albion, on her ſea-beat plain,
Claps her glad hands, and ſwells the ſtrain.
O'er Caledonian hills the murmur breaks ;
And ſnow-clad Thulè hears, and wonders as it wakes.

IX.

Where'er the warning notes are ſpread,
The carved ſaints, the graven ſtones,
And ſhaggy cloaks of Hermits dead,
And fabled martyrs' crumbling bones,

* Codan Wave. Sinus Codanus, the Baltic Sea, dividing Cimbria, or Denmark, from the ancient Scania, or Scandinavia comprehending Sweden and Norway.

And venal paſſports to the ſky
Flung to the moles and bats diſhonour'd lie.
There lie the tools of ſanctimonious guile *,
By Prieſtcraft form'd his ſpells to pile
And dupe the crowd that gazed from far.
And hark, the cloiſter-doors unbar!
The unpriſoned victims hurry forth:
Lo pale-eyed beauty, letter'd worth,
To Heaven their raptures lift in grateful ſtrife;
And drink anew the gales of liberty and life.

X.

No more obſcured in barbarous tone
The altar hears the myſtic rite:
No more ſhall Prayer with tongue unknown
The vainly liſtening ear invite.
As when around each favour'd head
Inſpiring beams the fiery emblem ſhed †;

* Inſtruments of pretended miracles.
† Acts, chap. 2.

Even now from lands, by Ocean's roaring tide
And ſhadowy mountains parted wide *;
God's wondrous works proclaiming, Praiſe
Her native voice is heard to raiſe.
Lo Truth, eſcaped from Error's den,
Her hallow'd fount unſeals again †.
From realm to realm the ſacred currents haſte,
And heal with freſhening dews the long-neglected waſte.

XI.

" Prepare the ſtake, the pile uprear—"
The triple-crowned Tyrant cries.
The Fiends of Perſecution hear:
A lurid gleam o'er Europe flies.

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* —— μαλα πολλα μεταξυ
Ουρεα τε σκιοεντα, θαλασσα τε ηχηεσσα. HOM.

† At the Reformation, the Scriptures were tranſlated into various modern languages for general uſe.

Hark, ceaſeleſs hammers forge the chain;
And crowded dungeons are enlarged in vain.
Behold unripen'd youth and nerveleſs age
And female weakneſs mock their rage!
See holy Wiſhart climb the pyre,
Nor ſhrink though Beaton watch the fire:
See mitred Ridley, bold in death,
And dauntleſs Hooper gaſp for breath:
See Latimer augment the glorious band;
And Cranmer eye ſerene the firm repentant hand!

XII.

'Tis paſt, 'tis paſt, the ſtorm of blood!
Again from yon meridian height
Lo Truth renews the golden flood,
And ſhouting nations hail the light;
Earneſt of thoſe triumphant days
By Seers foretold, by Bards in heaven-taught lays
Invoked, when circling earth from pole to pole
The ſea of righteouſneſs ſhall roll

The cleanſing wave to every ſhore:
When Salem, raiſed to fall no more,
As parents for their elder-born
Lament, for Him ſhe pierced ſhall mourn *:
One common name bid Jew and Gentile ceaſe;
And Chriſt be Lord of All in univerſal peace.

* See Zech. chap. xii. ver. 10.

SOLITUDE,

AN ODE.

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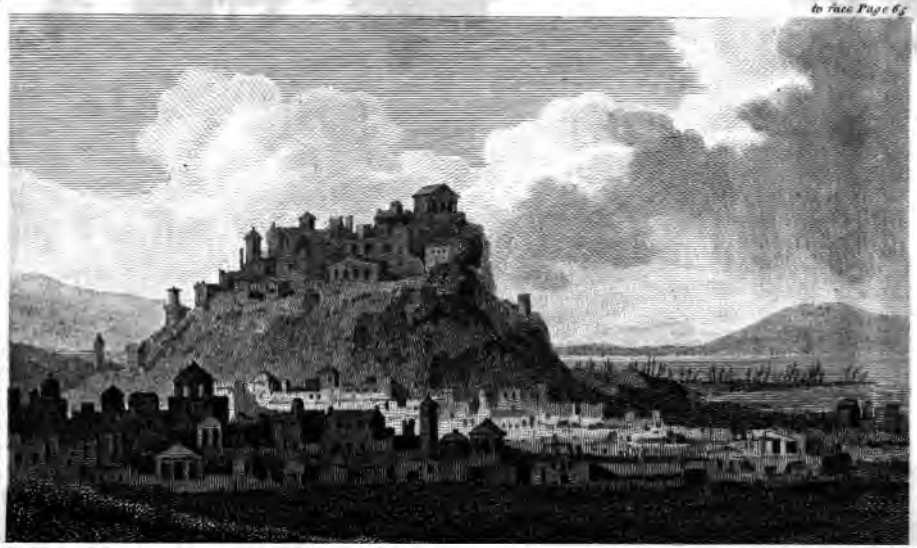
ASTOR LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

to face Page 65



SOLITUDE,

AN ODE.

I. 1.

REMB'REST Thou, at Nature's birth,
of Darkneſs, Solitude!
en kindred atoms ſprang from Chaos rude?
ting Thou ſurvey'dſt the Earth;
'ſt the drear land, void air, unpeopled ſea,
criedſt, "The World is made for Me!"
hope! With ſwarming life ſee ocean heave:
air unnumber'd pinions fan:
ground what riſing myriads cleave!
God's laſt work, imperial Man;
ar the loud Fiat o'er Creation hurl'd:
Mine image Thou: be Monarch of the world!"

I. 2.

Again ambitious hopes prevail.
Her windows Heaven unbars, her founts the Deep
Of ſail devoid, of oar, of helm,
Life's poor remains before the whirlwind ſweep.
" Frail bark! where flieſt thou o'er my deſtin
" realm?
" Soon ſhall Jehovah's bolt thy fragments whelm!
Thou ſay'ſt—The ſhrinking waters fail:
Lo! the faſt-anchor'd veſſel rolls no more:
The waves confeſs a ſhore.
See hill emerge, and lawn, and vale:
Behold the Patriarch Sire deſcend,
Before the graſſy altar bend;
See the atoning victim plead for Grace!
" Man, Earth be thine!" proclaims the appeas
Lord:
" No ſecond Flood abſorbs thy race:
" Yon Bow till days expire ſhall ſeal the fi
" accord."

I 3.

Why graſp at univerſal power?
Content, enjoy thy partial reign:
For thine is many a noiſeleſs hour,
And many a ſhipleſs ſea, and many a trackleſs plain.
Thine Zahara's burning noon:
Thine ſpicy hills to Tropic ſuns that glow:
Thine Hecla's furnace, thine the ſnow
That glitters to the polar Moon.
Nile for Thee his ſecret head,
And waſting Niger guards his duſty bed,
And Patagonia bends her howling ſhore:
For Thee to meet the ſkies
Yon ſtony Needles * riſe,
Where never foot ſhall climb, nor pinion ſoar.

* The inacceſſible Aiguilles de Dreux, de Moine, &c. among the Swiſs Alps.

And owns not Beauty thy command?
On Andes' top I ſee Thee ſtand;
I ſee thine eye with fond emotion haſte
To Juan's * blooming lawns amid the wat'ry waſte.

II. 1.

To me thine awful ſcenes unveil,
Thy lore, dread Monitreſs, impart;
Raiſe the low thought, expand the ſelfiſh heart.
Thou beckoneſt to yon cloiſter pale †,
Where Britain, ſide by ſide in crowded rows,
Beholds her glorious Dead repoſe.
Bard, Hero, Sage, how bleſt each honour'd name,
Theme of all tongues!—That frown forego—
"Here learn to weigh the breath of Fame.
"Shall Spirits caſt a glance below,
"While now, ev'n now, his throne the Judge arrays?"
Their doom they wait, nor think of human praiſe!

* The Iſle of Juan Fernandes. † Weſtminſter Abbey.

II. 2.

" With Pity's wreath be Virtue crown'd.
" View yon lone ſeaman, where mid ocean raves,
" Scoop from his ſhatter'd boat the tide,
" Now ſeen, now loſt, among the weltering waves."
He feels at every ſtroke the ſkiff ſubſide—
Is there no beacon'd flame his way to guide,
No ſhore, no ſail, in ether's bound?
A moment, while the broken floods recoil,
He ſnatches from his toil,
And eyes the blank horizon round.
Mark the wild glance, record the groan,
To all but Thee and Heaven unknown!
See leſs, yet leſs, the ſinking veſſel grows——
Eve watch'd the ſpeck upon the gleaming main:
Night heard the parted waters cloſe:
Morn oped her pitying eye, and ſought the ſpeck in vain.

II. 3.

Again thy lore is taught by woe!
Exile! the dead no more I grieve.
I ſee thee 'mid Siberian ſnow:
I ſee the electric dawn flaſh from the brow of Eve *.
Dark the piny foreſts ſcowl,
As lambent meteors croſs the waving gloom:
From wilds whoſe ſilence mocks the tomb,
Save when the bear with ſavage howl
Chides her mate, I ſee thee come,
Exile! to yon rude hut, thy loathed home:
Yon hut thine home by night, yon wild by day.
From all the ties of life,
Friend, kindred, offspring, wife,
Cut off, from waſte to waſte I ſee thee ſtray,

* The Aurora Borealis is remarkably vivid in Arctic regions, and nocturnal meteors very common.

The gloſſy fur, the ſhaggy hide,
Thy ſtated tribute, to provide * :
Then fling thee by thy burden on the floor,
And hope to dream of joys thine eye ſhall meet no more.

III. 1.

With nerves of ſteel, with breaſt of ſtone;
By ſcourge, by gibbet, unappall'd,
See in thy ſhades Obduracy enthrall'd:
To Thee ſhe yields, to Thee alone.
By Law's kind doom yon wretch immured apart,
Holds converſe with his ſtubborn heart.
Lo, Memory throbs; avenging Conſcience wakes:
Lo, down his viſage ſteals the tear:
With trembling hope each ſinew ſhakes:
"Yes, Mercy yet," he cries, "may hear!"
Bends at the Throne of Grace the ſuppliant knee;
His boſom ſmites, and bleſſes Heaven for Thee.

* The tribute of furs and ſkins impoſed on perſons exiled to Siberia.

III. 2.

Is there a ſoul that dares defy
Thy frown, dread Power, thy lonely horrors brav
What rebel paſſion ſcorns thy ſway?
Behold ſelf-righteous Pride her ſtandard wave,
And central in thy realms her hoſt array!
See in that cave yon anchoret diſplay
His vaunted title to the ſky:
The couch of rugged ſtone, the ſhirt of hair;
The duly mutter'd prayer;
The meagre frame, the ſleepleſs eye;
The bloody ſcourge, the girded chain——
" O Wretch, conſumed by fruitleſs pain,
" Go learn," Thou crieſt, " what more the grac
" Heaven
" Than ſelf-applauding pangs and groans ſhall mo
" Than years to proud Contrition given:
" One ſigh of humble faith, one deed of Chriſ
" love."

III. 3.

From proſtrate domes and lonely walls,
Whoſe groves in wondering ether hung * ;
Where Monſter to his fellow calls,
And 'mid Belſhazzar's Courts the bittern broods her young ;
Bid the ſhade of Babel rouſe
And cry, nor ſpare, to London's rival creſt.
She hears Thee !—" Glory of the Weſt,
" Pride of the Sea ! whoſe regal brows
" He, who bade me fill my day,
" Now crowns ſupreme, approach, my doom ſurvey :
" Behold my Siſter Queens around me mourn :
" Come, ſearch with wearied eyes
" The duſt where Ninus † lies :
" Come, trace Samaria's unfrequented bourn :

* The Hanging Gardens of Babylon raiſed upon buildings of extreme height and magnificence. † Nineveh.

" See Tadmor *, Tyre, a ſhapeleſs heap :
" Behold thrice-captive † Salem weep.
" By Sin we fell : dread Thou the impartial rod.
" To Thee our Ruins cry ; ' Repent, adore thy God !"

* Palmyra.

† Jeruſalem has been ſucceſſively captive and in ſubjection under the Romans, the Saracens, and the Turks, during more than ſeventeen hundred years.

O D E

FROM THE

TENTH CHAPTER

OF THE

PROPHECY OF ISAIAH.

FROM various paſſages in the Old Teſtament it appears to have been, on ſeveral occaſions, the plan of Providence, under the Jewiſh Diſpenſation, to employ nations eminent for wickedneſs and tyranny as inſtruments for the merited chaſtiſement of other nations, perhaps leſs guilty than the inflicters of their puniſhment. When the purpoſe was accompliſhed, the miniſters of vengeance received in their turn the due reward of their crimes. A memorable proceeding of this nature is recorded in the Tenth Chapter of the Prophecy of Iſaiah. They, who have contemplated with ſerioufneſs the courſe of the events which have taken place during the laſt few years in Europe, may ſee no improbability in the concluſion, that a ſimilar plan in the Divine adminiſtration of the Univerſe is developing at preſent.

O D E

the Tenth Chapter of the Prophecy of ISAIAH,
Verſe 5—19.

I. 1.

URGE of my wrath! my rebel tribes o'erawe—'
Earth and Heaven! Jehovah's word.
ger of my ſlighted Law,
rian, riſe! Away, away;
e the victim, ſeize the prey:
h the diſſembling race that calls me Lord,
rind thy chariot-wheels the unreſiſting clay.'

REFERENCES.

rophe—Iſaiah, ch. x. ver. 5. O Aſſyrian, the rod of mine
nd the ſtaff in their hand is mine indignation! 6. I will
a againſt an hypocritical nation, and againſt the people
rath will I give him a charge, to take the ſpoil and to take
, and to tread them down like the mire in the ſtreets.

I. 2.

' He haſtes: but not to vindicate My Name.
' Not ſuch the purpoſe of his heart,
' On conqueſt bent, athirſt for fame,
' O'er proſtrate earth he ſhakes the dart.
" Are not my chieftains Kings?" he cries:
" As Calno fell, lo Hamath lies!
" Where now Carchemia's idol-ſhrine?
" Prone in the duſt Samaria ſighs:
" And boding Salem ſhrieks, ' My ſiſter's fate is
' mine!'

REFERENCES.

1ſt Antiſtrophe, ver. 7.—Howbeit he meaneth not ſo, neither doth his heart think ſo: but it is in his heart to deſtroy, and cut off nations not a few. 8. For he ſaith, " Are not my princes " altogether Kings? 9. Is not Calno as Carchemiſh; is not " Hamath as Arpad; is not Samaria as Damaſcus? 10. As my " hand hath found the kingdoms of the idols, and whoſe graven " images did excel them of Jeruſalem and Samaria; 11. ſhall " I not, as I have done to Samaria and her idols, ſo do to " Jeruſalem and her idols?"

I. 3.

'Learn, Son of Pride, learn from My lips thy
'doom!
'Ere long in Sion's fate
'Thy miniſtry of Vengeance fills its date.
'Then to yon expecting tomb
'Thy banner'd pomp, thy long array,
'Thy harden'd heart, thy boaſtful eye deſcend:
'And o'er thy glittering dreams of boundleſs
'ſway
'Their ſhadows Night and Scorn extend.

REFERENCES.

1ſt Epode, ver. 12. Wherefore it ſhall come to paſs, that when the Lord hath performed his whole work upon Mount Zion and on Jeruſalem; I will puniſh the fruit of the ſtout heart of the King of Aſſyria, and the glory of his high looks.

II. 1.

' I hear thy vaunt' — " My wiſdom plann'd the
" deed,
" Mine arm atchieved: be mine the praiſe.
" I frown'd; affrighted realms recede:
" My hand their treaſured neſt on high
" Reach'd: as eggs the ſhepherd-boy
" Sweeps up, I ſwept the earth: none dared to
" raiſe
" The wing, nor ope the beak, nor roll th' exploring
" eye."

REFERENCES.

2d Strophe, ver. 13. For he ſaith, " By the ſtrength of my " hand I have done it; and by my wiſdom; for I am prudent: " and I have removed the bounds of the people, and have robbed " their treaſures: and I have put down the inhabitants like a " valiant man. 14. And my hand has found as a neſt the riches " of the people: and as one gathereth eggs that are left, have I " gathered all the earth: and there was none that moved the " wing, or opened the mouth, or peeped."

II. 2.

'Fool! Shall the axe o'er Hermon's piny ſhade,
'Scorning the hewer's arm, prevail?
'The ſaw, without its maſter's aid,
'The pomp of Lebanon aſſail?
'Say'ſt Thou,' "Untired with whirlwind pace
"By native ſtrength my foes I chaſe?"
'Proud chief! My breath ſupplies thy force:
'My ſcourge incites thee to the race:
'My curb is in thy jaws, and guides thy frantic
'courſe.'

REFERENCES.

2d Antiſtrope, ver. 15. Shall the axe boaſt itſelf againſt him that heweth therewith? Or ſhall the ſaw magnify itſelf againſt him that ſhaketh it? As if the rod ſhould ſhake itſelf againſt them that lifted it up: or as if the ſtaff ſhould lift up itſelf, as if it were no wood.

The concluding image of the Antiſtrophe is borrowed from Iſaiah, chap. xxxvii. ver. 29, in which chapter the completion of the preſent prophecy is recorded. See Biſhop Lowth's Notes on both chapters.

II. 3.

'On Thee, on thine, I vindicate My Name.
'See my red Vengeance hurl'd!
'Prince, people, fall: as when the Sylvan world
'Shuddering views the ethereal flame.
'The low-ſpread thorn, the cedar's height,
'The huge oak ſinks beneath the burning flood.
'Ranging the ſcorched realms, a child may write
'The ſcatter'd reliques of the wood.'

REFERENCES.

2d Epode, ver. 16. Therefore ſhall the Lord, the Lord of Hoſts, ſend among his fat ones leanneſs; and under his glory he ſhall kindle a burning like the burning of a fire. 17. And the Light of Iſrael ſhall be for a fire, and his Holy One for a flame; and it ſhall burn and devour his thorns and his briers in one day: 18. and ſhall conſume the glory of his foreſt and of his fruitful field, both ſoul and body; and they ſhall be as when a ſtandard-bearer fainteth. 19. And the reſt of the trees of his foreſt ſhall be few, that a child may write them.

HYMN I.

SAVIOUR! When night involves the ſkies,
My ſoul adoring turns to Thee;
Thee, ſelf-abaſed in mortal guiſe,
And wrapt in ſhades of death for me.

On Thee my burſting raptures dwell,
When crimſon gleams the Eaſt adorn;
Thee, Victor of the Grave and Hell,
Thee, ſource of Life's eternal Morn.

When Noon her throne in light arrays,
To Thee my ſoul triumphant ſprings;
Thee, throned in Glory's endleſs blaze,
Thee, Lord of Lords and King of Kings.

O'er earth when ſhades of evening ſteal,
To Death and Thee my thoughts I give:
To Death, whoſe power I ſoon ſhall feel;
To Thee, with whom I truſt to live!

HYMN II.

THY humbleſt works with full accord
Confirm thy word, Almighty Lord!
And ſpread beneath man's downward eyes
A ſcene that bids them ſeek the ſkies.

Emblem of zeal that never tires,
Nor kindles with unhallow'd fires,—
Such be my zeal!—in eddying tides
Yon ſtream its active chryſtal guides:

Or pauſing, as a nobler wood,
Or wilder cliff o'erhangs its flood,
(Each wave, each dimpling curl, repreſt)
Diſplays the picture on its breaſt.

O well! were mine as pure a courſe,
O well! with half the truth and force
Did this degenerate heart of mine
Reflect the beams of Grace divine.

HYMN III.

WHEN Groves by moonlight ſilence keep,
And Winds the vexed waves releaſe,
And fields are huſh'd, and cities ſleep:
Lord! Is not that the hour of peace?

When Infancy at evening tries
By turns to climb each parent's knees,
And gazing meets their raptured eyes:
Lord! Is not that the hour of peace?

In golden pomp when autumn ſmiles;
And hill and dale its rich increaſe
By man's full barns exulting piles:
Lord! Is not that the hour of peace?

When mercy points where Jeſus bleeds,
And Faith beholds thine anger ceaſe,
And Hope to blank Deſpair ſucceeds: ——
This, Father, this alone is Peace!

HYMN IV.

FOR A PERSON IN SICKNESS.

"O FATHER! glorify thy name—"
So pray'd at woe's approach my Lord.
Diſeaſe corrodes this mortal frame:
O Father! be thy Name adored.

Though life's unruffled days had flown,
Ere yet was paſt her vernal prime;
And Sickneſs o'er my head has ſtrewn,
The ſnows of age before their time:

Why fear the path of grief to tread;
Why, Father! ſhrink from thy decree:
If thus my longing ſoul be led
A ſafer, ſhorter, way to Thee?

On wings of Faith, o'er fogs of earth,
Thy ſervant, Father! teach to riſe,
And view the bleſſing's native worth
Clear'd from affliction's dark diſguiſe.

Yon clouds, a maſs of ſable ſhade
To mortals gazing from below,
By Angels from above ſurvey'd
With univerſal ſunſhine glow.

HYMN V.

Veil, veil your eyes,
Angelic Legions! veil.
The Son of God forſakes the ſkies;
Bids fleſh his Deity diſguiſe;
Bids earth her Saviour hail.

Veil, veil your eyes!
Hell's black abyſſes move.
The rebel world its God denies;
The terrors of his wrath defies;
Mocks his redeeming love.

Veil, veil your eyes!
The bloody bargain's ſign'd.
The hour of fraud the traitor ſpies;
With ſwords and ſtaves, and torches flies,
As 'twere a thief to bind.

veil your eyes!
o Judgement Chriſt is led.
ı charges feign'd, and perjured lies,
ce His innocence decries,
rraigns His ſacred head.

, veil your eyes!
he reed, the platted thorn,
mimic robe of purple dyes,
k Him the brutal rabble's prize,
he taunting ſoldier's ſcorn.

, veil your eyes!
entile and Jew conſpire.
inſt Him Prieſt and People riſe;
death demand with frantic cries,
murderer's life require.

, veil your eyes!
arabbas is ſet free.
out, the Lord of Glory dies;
ſinners bleeds a ſacrifice,
ail'd to the accurſed tree.

Raiſe, raiſe your eyes!
Angels! He burſts the tomb:
Joins Love and Truth in endleſs ties;
Bids Peace with Juſtice harmoniſe;
Averts the ſinner's doom.

Raiſe, raiſe your eyes!
See Heaven her King receive!
The Law's demand He ſatisfies;
The ſons of Adam juſtifies;
Bids all their myriads live.

Raiſe, raiſe your eyes!
His Spirit He ſends down:
To all o'erflowing grace ſupplies;
His willing people ſanctifies;
Prepares their future crown.

Raiſe, raiſe your eyes!
Death's captives He unchains.
His faithful hoſt He glorifies.
Farewell to death and tears and ſighs!
Man with his Saviour reigns

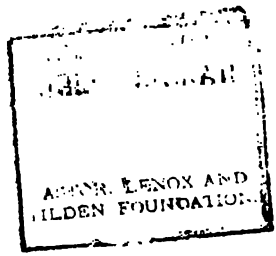
CONSOLATION:

A

LYRIC POEM.

ARGUMENT.

The purport of the following Poem is to compare Chriſtianity with the three leading ſyſtems of Antient Philoſophy, namely, the ſyſtem of Pyrrho, that of Epicurus, and that of Zeno, as to influence on human happineſs. After ſome deſcription preparatory to the introduction of the ſubject, the characteriſtical tenets and the practical effects of each of theſe philoſophical ſyſtems are illuſtrated. Thoſe of the Chriſtian Religion are afterwards exemplified and appretiated in a ſimilar manner.


ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

CONSOLATION:

A

LYRIC POEM.

I.

ıı pauſing tide ſcarce broke in foam:
High on the cavern'd rock I ſtood;
d view'd the quivering ſunbeams roam
n boundleſs radiance o'er the flood.
neath each iſle, each headland gray,
moved the inverted picture lay.
ng in bright haze the diſtant mountains glow'd:
rth, ſea, heaven ſmiled: my heart with joy
o'erflow'd.

II.

Short was the joy. With eddying haſte
Dun clouds combined their lengthening train.
The blaſt in lurid purple traced
Its courſe athwart the roughen'd main.
Wave after wave with deepening roar
Plunged headlong on the ſadden'd ſhore.
Sea-mews with ſcreams the riſing tempeſt hail'd:
Earth, ocean, heaven portentous darkneſs veil'd.

III.

" O fickle charms of Nature's form,
" Fading while yet we gaze," I cried;
" O turns of ſunſhine and of ſtorm,
" Too well ye paint life's changeful tide!
" What though with tranſitory gleam
" Health, Peace, Content, and Rapture beam?
" Hovering full ſoon o'er man's devoted head,
" Diſeaſe and woe their raven wings outſpread.

IV.

" Sages! inured the arms to wield
" Made proof by Wiſdom's myſtic ſpell,
" Stand forth with philoſophic ſhield
" The ſhaft of ſorrow to repel.
" Or teach, if human ſkill in vain
" Toil to avert the ſtroke of pain,
" At leaſt to cool the wound, and draw the dart
" Wrapt in the bleeding fibres of the heart!"

V.

Mournful I ſpoke. A ruſhing ſound,
As Beings more than mortal paſt,
(I heard and ſhudder'd,) ſwept the ground:
An eager glance around I caſt.
Fled was the ſcene; nor low'ring ſky
Nor darken'd ocean met mine eye.
The Sun was throned in renovated might,
And ſeem'd on claſſic realms to pour the light.

VI.

A city *, form'd for ſovereign ſway,
Sublime upon a rock appear'd:
Her marble domes in cloſe array
Climbing the rugged ſteep ſhe rear'd;
Hid with gay roofs the circling plain;
Stretch'd her long arms to reach the main;
Saw at each mole the baffled ſurge decreaſe,
And bade her anchor'd navies float in peace.

* Athens, originally denominated Cecropia from its founder Cecrops, was built on a high rock ſituated on a large plain near the middle of Attica. The citadel, in the centre of which was the vaſt Temple of Minerva, conſtructed wholly with Parian marble and ſtill ſubſiſting, occupied the ſummit. In proceſs of time the whole plain was covered with buildings. The city was joined to the harbour of Piræus by the walls called Μακρὰ Τείχη, the Long Walls, being about five miles in length; whence they are ſtyled by Propertius, "Long Arms."

Inde ubi Piræi capient me littora portus,
Scandam ego Theſeæ brachia longa viæ. Lib. iii. Eleg.

The road from the harbour was named Ὁδὸς Θησέως, the road of Theſeus.—See Potter's Antiquities of Greece, 3d edit. vol. i. ch. 8.

VII.

Its triple tier a rampart tall
Around the craggy ſummit led:
Long gleams of radiance crown'd the wall
From ſhield and lance and helmed head.
On the ſharp peak, to grace the ſhrine
Rear'd to the guardian Power divine,
A fane's majeſtic pile, o'er bulwarks raised
And towers' proud heads, with Parian luſtre blazed.

VIII.

"Cecropia calls thee; Mortal, riſe:"
From lips unſeen the accents flow'd;
"Cecropia, tutreſs of the wiſe,
"To bleſt Philoſophy's abode
"Bids all her ſages guide thy way,
"And cheer thy ſoul with mental day."
I heard: in thought I ſcorn'd the frowns of fate;
And ruſh'd impatient to the expanded gate.

IX.

I paſt. With heaven-aſpiring head
A ſplendid Pile before me roſe.
Its valves the open portal ſpread:
Above, more bright than Thracian ſnows *,
A Goddeſs ſat. Beneath her throne
In bold relief the ſculptured ſtone,
Proclaim'd; "Approach, and learn, ingenuous Youth,
"The path of Wiſdom from the lips of Truth."

X.

Sounds, as though tongues innumerous vied
A theme of choral praiſe to ſwell,
Broke from within: in airy tide
On my charm'd ſenſe the murmur fell;
Then ceaſed. I enter'd. High uprear'd
In marble pomp a buſt appear'd.

* Among the Grecians, Truth was repreſented as a Goddeſs clothed in white robes.

Deep on its baſe engraved a myſtic line
Bade Pyrrho's name in golden luſtre ſhine.

XI.

Sages, in ſpotleſs white array'd,
In long proceſſion moved around.
The foot, by conſcious awe diſmay'd,
Scarce dared to preſs the hallow'd ground.
Each, as the chiſſell'd form he paſt,
A glance of homage upward caſt;
His hands ſubmiſſive on his boſom ſpread;
In ſilence pauſed, and bow'd his reverent head *.

XII.

At once in wide-extended ring
The liſtening band collected ſtood:
Stillneſs aloft on moveleſs wing
Hung poiſed, and huſh'd th' aërial flood.

* From the preſent ſtanza to the nineteenth incluſive, the leading tenets of the Pyrrhonic Philoſophers are under conſideration.

With heaving breaſt and eyes entranced
From the denſe orb a Sage advanced:
" Hail, feſtive day!" with raptured voice he cried;
" Hail, feſtive day!" the echoing dome replied:

XIII.

" Hail, feſtive day! to Wiſdom dear,
" Hail to thy long expected beams!
" Beſt offspring of the rolling year,
" Again thy noontide glory ſtreams!
" Hail! for thou firſt, in mute delight
" Stooping from thy meridian height,
" Heard'ſt Pyrrho's tongue the path of bliſs explore,
" And theſe exulting walls return the lore.

XIV.

" Yes, mighty Sage, in circling band
" Whom now we greet with wonted rite,
" This day beheld thy potent hand
" New ſtreams from Wiſdom's fount invite.

" Lo! from theſe walls the current glides;
" Now rolls through Greece its ſwelling tides;
" Views parched nations bending o'er the brink,
" And kindling life glow brighter as they drink.

XV.

" As travellers loſt in midnight ſnows
" When mortals roam'd, no ſuccour nigh;
" Thou bad'ſt Philoſophy diſcloſe
" Her radiance to the mental eye:
" Not burſt in floods of cloudleſs light*,
" With dazzling glare to ſcorch the ſight;
" But, veil'd in haze, with mitigated power
" Shed the mild glimmerings of the twilight hour.

* In alluſion to the characteriſtical principle of the Pyrrhonic ſchool, which was, to conſider every thing as a matter of doubt and uncertainty.

XVI.

" By thee the freeborn ſoul diſdains
" From Syſtem's mine baſe droſs to heave;
" By thee exalted breaks the chains,
" That ſtern Conviction loves to weave.
" Why ſeek myſterious depths to know?
" Knowledge is certainty of woe!
" Rule Gods, or Fate, or Chance? Inflamed with bile
" Let fools decide—Thou bid'ſt us doubt, and ſmile.

XVII.

" No rigid lore our Peace annoys;
" Preſiding Doubt each maxim weighs:
" And ſtill in fluctuating poiſe
" The ever-trembling balance plays.
" Brethren, again this day revere,
" Beſt offspring of the rolling year;
" Through all her towers till Athens wake the ſong,
" And Sunium's echoing cliffs the ſtrain prolong *!"

* Sunium, a promontory of Attica.

XVIII.

The ſtrain unnumber'd voices ſwell'd:
" Hail to the day, whoſe beamy eye
" Thy hand, illuſtrious Sage, beheld
" New ſtreams from Wiſdom's fount ſupply!
" Teacher of Placid Doubt——" I fled
In ſorrow forth; each hope was dead:
My heart within me ſunk, as o'er the main
Sad Icarus flapp'd his drooping wing in vain.

XIX.

" Is it for this thy form," I cried,
" Yon portal crowns, degraded Truth?
" To Doubt's black cavern doſt thou guide
" The ſtep of inexperienced Youth?
" Better to drain from Error's bowl
" The draught that ſtupifies the ſoul;
" Than with ſtrain'd eyes on Doubt's pale phantoms
" gaze,
" And hopeleſs tread the inextricable maze!

XX.

" Powers of the ſky—for chance or fate
" Preſcribed not earth's well-order'd courſe,
" Nor throned the Sun's imperial ſtate,
" Nor wing'd with flame the Comet's force——
" Powers of the ſky, with pitying aid
" Befriend the world your fiat made!
" O cheer the comfortleſs, O guide the blind;
" Diſpel the gloom that clouds the wilder'd mind."

XXI.

A Sage * appear'd: I mark'd his hand
Uplifted, his preceptive mein;
Mark'd, as he ſpoke, a youthful band
Forward in dumb attention lean.
The roſe entwined with myrtle ſpray
In fragrant piles before him lay.

* One of the Epicurean ſect of Philoſophers. The preſent ſtanza and thoſe that follow, to the thirtieth inclusive, are intended to characteriſe the ſyſtem of that ſect.

Aloft, the goblet ſhone, the ſculptured lyre;
And torches hung their emblematic fire.

XXII.

" O ye," he cried, " whoſe vernal bloom
" Foretells the golden fruits of joy,
" O let not care with chilling gloom
" And blighting ſtorm your hopes deſtroy!
" Bid feſtive dance and choral ſong
" From year to year your bliſs prolong;
" Bid laughter-breathing Mirth dilate the ſoul,
" Point the gay jeſt, and ply the enlivening bowl.

XXIII.

" So live the Gods. On ſeas of bliſs
" Reclined, they ſip each paſſing wave;
" Leave fate to rule the ſphere, nor miſs
" The ſtars that to their deſtined grave
" Sink from their ſhuddering orbits hurl'd,
" Nor mark the craſh that ſhakes the world.

" Hence, Trouble, to the winds! Bleſt youths, be wiſe;
" Bring down to earth the raptures of the ſkies!

XXIV.

" Nor ceaſe, when Time with ſnow ſhall ſpread
" Your locks, in Pleaſure's paths to ſtray.
" Behold, Cithæron's * icy head
" Relents before the fervid ray!
" Let genial mirth each pang aſſuage:
" Cheer we with flowers the ſnow of age!"
He ſpoke, and with a wreath his temples crown'd;
Then on each youthful brow a chaplet bound.

XXV.

Inſtant in viſionary ſcene
Pleaſure's bright manſions met my view:
From joy to joy, no pauſe between,
The maddening crowd unfated flew.

* A high mountain on the confines of Attica.

If chance, his gray head bending low,
Some beggar urged his tale of woe;
Swifter they paſt, and with averted eye
Smote the loud harp, and drown'd th' unwelcome cry.

XXVI.

The feaſt was ſpread; the ſpicy wine
With gleaming bluſh the ſilver dyed:
Here Wit with flowers his darts would twine:
His ruder ſhafts there Humour plied;
From rank to rank he bade them roam:
Convulſive laughter ſhook the dome.
Here lyre and voice in rapturous conflict ſtrove:
There the briſk dance its changeful mazes wove.

XXVII.

Yet ſoon repeated pleaſure cloy'd:
The ear ſcarce heard the jocund ſtrain:
The dance was toil no more enjoy'd:
The ſpicy goblet breathed in vain

Its odours : on the palled tongue
Lingering the taſteleſs morſel hung :
The heartleſs ſmile betray'd its mimic air ;
And languor ſicken'd in the vacant ſtare.

XXVIII.

Foul paſſions oft would ſtrip the veil ;
Their ſway the alter'd look proclaim'd :
Here, hollow cheeks with envy pale ;
There, eyes with hate and rage inflamed.
With ſavage ſhout and uproar wild
Diſcord the banquet oft embroil'd.
Gueſt frown'd on gueſt, with hoſtile arms oppoſed :
And wounds and groans the frantic orgies cloſed.

XXIX.

Oft would ſome wretch with tiger's glare
In murderous ambuſh take his ſtand :
The ſetting Sun diſcern'd the ſnare ;
The Moon beheld his blood-ſtain'd hand.

Then farewel joy in ſong or feaſt!
Ideal horrors rack his breaſt:
The lyre's gay voice ideal ſhrieks control;
And fancied poiſons mantle in the bowl.

XXX.

Triumphant o'er the ſenſual race,
Diſeaſe ere long her woes combined;
The bloated form, the ghaſtly face,
The palſied limb, th' enervate mind.
Each on his couch of anguiſh laid,
On Death they call'd for inſtant aid:
Then ſhriek'd in terror, when advancing near
The Phantom ſcowl'd, and ſhook his lifted ſpear.

XXXI.

" Avaunt, vain joys!" I cried, " avaunt!
" With Siren face and Scorpion ſting;
" Powerleſs to quell the cares that haunt
" Man's happieſt hours, life's bloomy ſpring

" Powerleſs to ſtay th' approach of Age——"
With ſcornful voice abrupt a Sage
Raiſed in his Portico * my plaint reproved:
Its marble gloom grew deeper as he moved.

XXXII.

" Would'ſt thou defy the ſhaft of Pain,
" And mental peace unbroken know?
" Thy boſom arm with ſtern diſdain
" Of human joy, of human woe.
" Behold that Youth: my lips his breaſt
" Betimes with Wiſdom's lore impreſt.
" His ſteps attend: and own this truth reveal'd:
" Fate wars in vain, when Wiſdom takes the field."

* From this place to the end of the forty-fourth Stanza the tenets and the natural effects of the ſyſtem of the Stoics are characteriſed.

XXXIII.

Glad I obey'd. Ere long we view'd
A ſcene of bliſs domeſtic riſe.
Their Sire an infant train purſued
Diſporting; and with ſparkling eyes
Look'd up, while round his knees they clung,
Or on his veſt in rapture hung.
Their ſports a female form with ſmiles ſurvey'd;
A wife's, a mother's love each ſmile betray'd.

XXXIV.

My heart dilated at the ſight.
I turn'd with eager glance to trace
Congenial ardour of delight
Fluſhing my youthful guardian's face.
In vain; no ſympathetic glow
Relax'd the rigour of his brow.
"Be Wiſdom thine: let Folly fools employ—"
He ſpoke, and frown'd contemptuous on their joy.

XXXV.

Soon a dire change that joy diſpell'd.
The Sire with agoniſing ſtart
Shook: each diſtorted muſcle ſwell'd;
With pangs convulſive throbb'd his heart.
He fell. I mark'd each blacken'd vein,
I mark'd each labouring eye-ball ſtrain.
With outſpread arms he lay, and gaſp'd for breath:
His chill brow gliſten'd with the damps of death.

XXXVI.

The widow's ſhriek, as prone ſhe bow'd
O'er the deaf corſe in frantic woe,
The orphans' wail, the flocking crowd,
The ſad proceſſion parting ſlow,
Changed they, ſtern Youth, thy mien ſevere?
Forced they one ſigh, one pitying tear?——
With ſteady gaze he view'd the mournful throng;
Scorn'd their vain grief, and careleſs ſtalk'd along.

XXXVII.

His courſe reluctant I purſued:
A Hand unſeen my ſtep controll'd.
A plain we croſs'd, where lakes of blood
The deeds of recent warfare told.
There ſenſeleſs many a Warrior lay,
Or breathed in groans his ſoul away:
While ravening fowl hung poiſed aloft in air;
And ſcream'd, and call'd their broods the feaſt to ſhare *.

XXXVIII.

Unmoved he eyed the ſtagnant gore,
Heard the long groan, the parting ſigh.
Her living prey the vulture tore,
Nor pauſed: he paſt unheeding by
O'er piles of ſlain. Beneath his tread
The hollow boſom of the dead

* "And calls her crawling brood, and bids them ſhare the feaſt."
MASON.

Creak'd horrid *: my blood curdled at the ſound:
Again each ſpouting gaſh diſtain'd the ground.

XXXIX.

Sudden in long ſucceſſion paſt
With wounds uncloſed a captive train:
Their ſinewy arms, now backward caſt,
Shook, as they moved, the clanking chain.
From row to row, from man to man,
The links in firm connection ran.
With aſpect ſtern the guards and lifted ſpear
Scowl'd in the front, and menaced in the rear.

XL.

A captive, bow'd by lengthen'd days,
With tottering ſteps apart was driven.
He mark'd us; with impaſſion'd gaze
The Youth he view'd—"Yes, bounteous Heaven!

* —— Infixum *ſtridet* ſub pectore vulnus. VIRG.

" 'Tis he," he cried in accent wild,
" Yes, 'tis himself, my child, my child!
" Now am I freed; the Gods my joys inspire!
" Thou, Thou, my Son, art sent to save thy Sire.

XLI.

" No foe was I: by chance or fate
" Oppreſt, in bonds thou ſeeſt me led—
" Lo, thy reply the victors wait—
" Small price redeems the hoary head:
" They note my limbs unfit for toil,
" And ſcarce detain their uſeleſs ſpoil.—
" Mercy, my child! Bid thy freed Sire depart;
" And calm thy aged Mother's burſting heart!"

XLII.

" Old man," the obdurate Youth rejoin'd,
" Think'ſt thou with worſe than woman's moan
" And holy ſaws to ſhake the mind,
" That Wiſdom arms, and ſtamps her own?

" She bids my ſtedfaſt heart diſdain
" Thy coward ſoul that ſhrinks from pain.
" He is the ſlave who knows not ills to bear.
" Go, drag the chain thou well deſerv'ſt to wear."

XLIII.

In every joint with fierceſt ire
I ſhook—" O wretch, to brute debaſed,
" Tiger in human ſhape, more dire
" Than ever prowl'd on Indian waſte!
" Periſh the lore, from Stygian den
" By fiends and furies taught to men;
" Lore in the depths of Erebus abhorr'd;
" For fiends aid fiends, and own their gloomy Lord:

XLIV.

" The lore that bids relentleſs Pride
" Uſurp degraded Reaſon's throne;
" Bids Man the frown of Heaven deride,
" Nor count another's weal his own;

" Proſcribes each ſympathetic fear;
" Dries in its ſource the pitying tear;
" Forbids the child to act a filial part,
" And turns to adamant the blaſted heart."

XLV.

A burſt of thunder rent the ſkies;
Then all was huſh'd. A ſolemn voice
Sounded—" Enough of treacherous lies,
" Wiſdom miſnamed, hath ſought thy choice.
" Learn then the yet unfathom'd cauſe,
" Whence life perennial comfort draws,
" The tear of joy from Miſery's eyelid breaks,
" And Sorrow's boſom triumphs while it aches."

XLVI.

Mine eyes I rais'd: a dungeon frown'd;
Green damps the mildew'd wall had ſtain'd:

Shewn by pale lights that gleam'd around,
Two mangled forms * to earth were chain'd.
Beneath their blood-entangled hair
Dark cruſts o'erſpread their ſhoulders bare,
Where from new ſtripes the ſanguine ſtream had flow'd;
And each torn limb with feſtering anguiſh glow'd.

XLVII.

Yet on their brow no ſadneſs lours;
Their breaſts with tranſport ſeem to ſwell:
Hark! from their lips what rapture pours!
Ecſtatic praiſes ſhake the cell.

* "They drew Paul and Silas into the market-place unto the "Rulers;—and rent off their clothes, and laid many ſtripes upon "them; and thruſt them into the inner priſon, and made their "feet faſt in the ſtocks. And at midnight Paul and Silas prayed, "and *ſang praiſes unto God;* and the priſoners heard them." Acts, chap. xvi. ver. 19, &c. The ſtate in which they were thus confined may be collected from a ſubſequent verſe of the ſame chapter; in which it is related that afterwards the jailor "took "them, *and waſhed their ſtripes.*" Ver. 33.

Echo, long ſtunn'd with Sorrow's moan,
Starts as ſhe hears the ſong unknown;
Bids through each vault the pealing joy rebound:
And Night and Miſery wonder at the ſound.

XLVIII.

'Twas paſt. In alter'd garb array'd
Grief to my gaze her viſions ſpread;
The glare of funeral lamps diſplay'd,
The ſable throng, th' uplifted dead.
The parent, while that death-bell's toll
Smites from yon tower her inmoſt ſoul,
Groans at each ſtroke, as o'er the corſe ſhe bends;
And Sorrow's flood in larger ſtream deſcends.

XLIX.

In youth's gay prime her darling died:
To Nature true the parent grieves.
But lo! even now her pangs ſubſide;
Now leſs and leſs her boſom heaves.

Hope's kindling dawn her cheeks diſcloſe;
Reſign'd ſhe ſtills her plaintive woes;
Unclaſps her hands, the guſhing ſorrow dries,
And kneels, and points exulting to the ſkies.

L.

The ſcene was chang'd.—Bellowing with rage
Plebeian crowds athirſt for blood,
Prince, Conſul, Senatorian age,
Circling a vaſt arena ſtood.
There *, flung to ravening beaſts a prey,
Still gaſping many a ſufferer lay;

* To be thrown to wild beaſts in the arena of the Circus as a ſpectacle to the people, is well known to have been one of the early modes of Chriſtian martyrdom. To be wrapt in veſtments overſpread with pitch, and thus burned, was another mode. "Pere-untibus addita ludibria; ut crucibus affixi, aut flammandi, atque, ubi defeciſſet dies, in uſum nocturni luminis urerentur." Tacitus, Annal. lib. xv. To this barbarous ſpectacle Juvenal appears to allude in the following lines:

——— tædâ lucebis in illâ
Quâ ſtantes ardent, qui fixo gutture fumant;
Et latum mediâ ſulcum deducit arenâ. Sat. i. l. 155.

Or, ſmear'd with pitch, on ſulphurous piles was raiſed,
And vengeful myriads ſhouted as he blazed.

LI.

Three victims from a platform's height
Witneſs the pangs they ſoon muſt ſhare.
Their eyes with holy ardour bright
To heaven they lift in ſecret prayer:
A Power by Faith beheld adore;
Hear unappall'd yon monſter's roar;
Unmoved behold yon myriad hands conſpire
To rear the mighty pyramid of fire.

LII.

Fate calls them next. The impriſon'd beaſt
Bounding impatient o'er the ſand
Calm they await; the pitchy veſt
They claſp with unreluctant hand:

Which paſſage the Scholiaſt thus explains: "Nero maleficos homines tædâ & papyro & cerâ ſuperveſtiebat, & ſic ad ignem admoveri jubeat." Martial alſo ſpeaks of the "tunica moleſta," in which the Chriſtian was burnt, "Matutinâ ſpectatus arenâ."

Nor quake, nor ſhrink, nor breathe a ſigh,
Nor turn aſide the ſtedfaſt eye,
When crouching to his ſpring the tiger glares,
Or death's red torch the approaching Lictor bears.

LIII.

Again the echoing vault of Heaven
With thunder ſhakes; the weſtern ſun
Glows; to the darkening zenith driven
The clouds his arrowy fervour ſhun.
Behold, their central depths divide!
Bright chinks foretel the golden tide *.
It comes! a flood of glory burſts its way,
And pours a blaze of more than mortal day.

LIV.

Lo, Angel hoſts, whoſe lucid train
Seems half abſorb'd to melt in light,
Orb within orb, a Croſs ſuſtain,
A Croſs than Angel Hoſts more bright.

* Aurea rima micans percurrit lumine nimbos. VIRG.

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urtray'd in characters of flame
oft it bears a myſtic Name.
eath is ſculptured; "Overcome by This *:
Lo, here the ſign of conqueſt and of bliſs.

LV.

Lo, here the ſign," a Seraph cries—
Cherubic legions catch the ſound:
oud as when polar billows riſe
In ſtorms, to ether's utmoſt bound
he Hoſanna rolls:—"Lo, here the ſign
Of reſcued man, of Love divine,
Of human crimes by guiltleſs blood effaced,
And Eden raiſed from earth's degenerate waſte.

LVI.

By This with praiſe mid feſtering ſmart
"The captives ſhook the midnight cell:

* In alluſion to the inſcription on the Croſs reported to have appeared to Conſtantine: "Εν τούτῳ νικα."

" By This, the childleſs parent's heart
" With throbs of woe forgot to ſwell.
" By This, from earth-born fears releaſed,
" The Martyr on the infuriate beaſt
" And men more ſavage fix'd the dauntleſs eye,
" Or roſe in flames triumphant to the ſky.

LVII.

" Mortal! whoſe breaſt in hopeleſs fear
" Pants with the quivering ſhaft of Sin;
" While the fluſh'd cheek, the ſtarting tear,
" Confeſs the wound that burns within:
" Lo, here the ſign that heals Deſpair;
" On wings of penitence and prayer
" Bids the ſoul riſe to Jeſus ſtrong to ſave,
" Bids Youth immortal trample on the grave.

LVIII.

" Mortal! on Life's rude Ocean toſt,
" By whirlwinds driven, by ſtorms oppreſt,
" Shatter'd thy bark, thy compaſs loſt,
" Lo, here the ſign of endleſs reſt:

" Reſt that no troublous dreams annoy;
" Reſt bathed in living floods of joy;
" Reſt freed from pangs Probation's child muſt ſhare;
" Reſt crown'd with wreaths the Sons of God ſhall
" wear!

LIX.

" Though Grief her ſhadowy curtain ſpreads,
" And dims thy ſhort terreſtrial day:
" The Croſs its holy luſtre ſheds;
" Each fancied horror melts away.
" Erewhile in Sorrow's garb conceal'd,
" The ſecret bleſſing ſtands reveal'd;
" Bears fruits of comfort from the Eternal's throne,
" And tells of brighter in a world unknown.

LX.

" What though yon cloud, while earth and heaven
" The Sun's deſcending fires illume,
" Athwart the glowing brow of even
" Obtrude its inharmonious gloom?

" Even now it owns the potent blaze;
" Even now 'tis edged with golden rays:
" The kindling maſs reſigns its murky dye,
" And adds new glories to the ſplendid ſky."

THE

DUELLIST:

AN ELEGY

THE

DUELLIST:

AN

ELEGY.

'STRANGER! who ſleeps in yonder nameleſs grave?
'I ſaw thee pauſe and linger o'er the tomb,
'Where to the gale thoſe thorns their branches wave,
'And Evening deepens in that yew-tree's gloom.'

'There ſleeps my friend,' the penſive ſtranger cried:
'O'er the blank ſtone have twenty winters paſt:
'Yet, as the gale amid that yew-tree ſigh'd,
'Methought again I heard him breathe his laſt.'

'Yes! for I ſaw the laſt convulſive ſtart,
'That ſpoke the ſtruggle cloſed of Life and Death:
'Felt the laſt pulſe that trembled from his heart;
'And heard the ſigh that told his parting breath.

'Fix'd in his breaſt the adverſe weapon ſtood—'
'Stranger! Where died he in his country's cauſe?
'Bleſt be the man, whoſe pure and generous blood
'Flows for his country's liberty and laws!'——

'O why the grief of other days recall?
'Alas! he died not for his country's ſake.
'Wielding unhallow'd arms 'twas his to fall:
'Twas his in death his country's laws to break.

'One word, one careleſs word, eſcaped his tongue;
'One careleſs word, from guile, from anger free.
'Blood, blood muſt cleanſe the unſuſpected wrong—
"Meet on the heath, beſide the lonely tree—"

'So ſpake the foe: nor, parting, did he hide
'The mutter'd threat, nor glance of ſcorn behind.
'Too well my friend the glance of ſcorn deſcried;
'And thus explored his own uncertain mind.

"What ſhall I do? Cuſtom! thy tyrant ſway,
"To laws of earth or heaven untaught to yield,
"And thine, whoſe nod the brave, the baſe, obey,
"Ideal Honour! urge me to the field."

'That field perchance conſigns thee to the dead,'
"Affection cries; 'Forbear, forbear the ſtrife.
'Think on thy childleſs mother's hoary head:
'Think on thy orphan babes, thy widow'd wife.'

"Yes, throbs of Nature! through my inmoſt ſoul
"From nerve to nerve your ſtrong vibrations
"dart—
"Hark, Duty ſpeaks—'Rebellious Pride control;
'And bow to Heaven's beheſt the ſwelling heart.'

"What though, be witneſs Heaven! nor vengeful hate
"Nor hoſtile rage within my boſom burn;
"How can I guiltleſs tread the brink of fate,
"And dare the gulf from whence is no return?

"Though from his breaſt who braves me to the fight,
"Guarding my own, my ſword aloof I wave;
"What praiſe, while yet againſt his lawleſs might
"I ſtake the ſacred truſt my Maker gave?

"How mid aſſembled Angels ſhall I dare
"For Judgement throned the Son of God to ſee:
"Afraid for Him the ſting of ſcorn to bear,
"Who bore the ſting of ſcorn and death for me*!

"And is it then ſo deep a crime to die,
"Shielding from taint my yet unſpotted name?—
"Away, vain ſophiſtry! A Chriſtian I,
"And fear at Duty's call to riſk my fame?

* See Mark, chap. viii. ver. 38.

" Yet how, proud foe, thy cold inſulting eye,
" Shunning the offer'd combat, ſhall I face?
" Where hide my head, while Slander's envious cry,
" Rouſed at thy bidding, trumpets my diſgrace?

" My native woodlands ſhall I ſeek, the ſneer
" Even in their ſhades on every brow to meet?
" Or haunt the town, in every wind to hear
' There ſculks the Coward,' murmur through the
" ſtreet?

" What, live to infamy, of fools the ſcorn,
" The daſtard's butt, the by-word of the brave?
" No: farewel Doubt!"—' Beneath the waving thorn,
' Go, learn his fate at yonder nameleſs grave.

' Stranger! If trials like to his are thine,
' Hark to the voice, that whiſpers from his ſod.
" Shame doſt thou dread? The ſhame of Sin decline:
" Talk'ſt thou of Valour? Dare to fear thy God."

ELEGY

TO THE

MEMORY

OF THE

REV. WILLIAM MASON.

ELEGY

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MEMORY

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REV. WILLIAM MASON.

MASON is dead!—From Aſton's airy tow'r
The ſolemn warning vibrates down the vale.
Fame ſtood obſervant of his parting hour;
And all her hundred tongues proclaim the tale.

"Now haſte," ſhe cries, "to yon funereal ſcene:
"Prepare, ye ſons of Poeſy! the verſe;
"Round the dead Bard in crowded pomp convene,
"And hang with tributary praiſe the hearſe.

" Long did his name my labouring trumpet fill;
" O'er many a realm the pealing echoes roll'd:
" And long and loud the blaſt that yet ſhall thrill,
" Ere the full triumphs of his muſe be told.

" Ope then each fountain of poetic grief;
" Fulfil each rite by Time's ſure ſtamp approv'd:
" Chide med'cine's God, whoſe hand withheld relief;
" Chide the relentleſs Fates, by ſong unmov'd.

" Breathe chilling blight on each Parnaſſian glade;
" Call from their withering bowers th' Aonian
" quire;
" In ſabler ſtole array the tragic maid;
" Let ſad Thalia trail the inverted lyre.

" Beckon the Dryad from each rifted oak;
" From mountain dells be Oreads heard to ſigh;
" From lake and ſtream the Naiad train convoke;
" From coral groves let Nereid plaints reply.

" O'er man and brute the cloud of woe extend;
" Let ſympathizing gods for MASON grieve:
" His lyre, a new-born ſtar, in Heav'n ſuſpend;
" Let meads of Aſphodel his ſhade receive."

Hence, Pagan dreams! I mourn a Chriſtian dead:
Avaunt! his Chriſtian friend a Chriſtian weeps:
Hence, fabled gods, of doubt and folly bred!
Here ('twas his loftieſt praiſe) a Chriſtian ſleeps.

Shall the pale meteor, whoſe illuſive light
Through fogs and darkneſs gleam'd on Gentile eyes,
Survive the reign of antiquated night,
To claim the empire of meridian ſkies?

Hence, Pagan dreams! Too oft poetic youth
In Grecian robe hath ſtalk'd on Britiſh plains;
With hackney'd fiction deck'd the ſong of truth,
And pranced with freedom's air in claſſic chains.

O'er MASON'S grave let nobler ſorrows flow;
O'er MASON'S grave let nobler themes aſcend:
Themes, that nor ſhame the head that reſts below,
Nor him who mourns, but mourns in Hope, the Friend.

Better, by Fancy if the robe be plann'd
That wraps the Poet in ſepulchral ſtate,
In Britiſh loom the purple woof expand,
With Britiſh hues the flowery verge dilate.

Yes, there are native flowers, to MASON dear,
By MASON nurs'd, that fairer tints might yield
Than thoſe, the vaunted glory of the year,
Purloin'd from Latian or Achaian field.

Yes, with ideal honour's richeſt meed
The Bard, creative Fancy, would'ſt thou grace;
Unfurl thy eagle wing, to MONA ſpeed,
Her haunted rocks, her wizard caverns trace.

Pierce the dread midnight of her holieſt wood,
The unhewn fane, the living * ſphere obteſt;
Pauſe where of old the guileful Roman † ſtood,
And guilt and horror ſmote his iron breaſt.

There, on that turf, to ſacred grief conſign'd,
Beneath the central oak's myſterious ſhade,
Where pale in death Arviragus reclin'd,
Even on that turf be MASON's reliques laid.

Thither, from dens beneath, from cliffs above,
Let Druids, Bards, a ſorrowing throng, repair:
There let each dark-rob'd Prieſteſs of the grove
Whirl the red torch, and ſhake her ſtreaming hair.

* The rocking-ſtone.

† Aulus Didius.—See the firſt Scene of Caractacus.

Then let the frantic burſt of woe rebound.
In wildeſt ſymphony from every ſteep!
Then ring, ye "notes that Mona's Bards ſhoul
"found;"
Then guſh, ye "tears that Mona's Bards ſhoul
"weep*!"

Or, Fancy, ſeek in Harewood's ſhade the dell,
Where Edgar's falchion pierc'd the rival youth;
Where votive ſpires the fond memorial tell
Of widow'd anguiſh and connubial truth†.

The cloiſter paſs, the aiſle's meridian gloom,
The hallow'd portals of the choir uncloſe,
Near God's high altar where, in marble tomb,
The bones of ſainted Athelwold repoſe.

* See the Dirge ſung over the dead body of Arviragus.—MASON's Poems, vol. iii. p. 14.

† See the laſt Scene in Elfrida.

Mark where aloft the pitying Angel weeps;
Behold the ſpeaking buſt, the laurell'd urn:
Then, by the tomb where Harewood's Chieftain ſleeps,
For Harewood's Bard a kindred tomb adorn.

There let the virgin train their ſorrows blend;
There, as for Athelwold, Elfrida ſigh;
And wrathful Orgar, as he mourn'd a friend,
Veil the red luſtre of his tearful eye.

Yet why to ſcenes of imitative grief
Direct the wanderings of a troubled heart?
In vain would genuine ſorrow court relief
From gayeſt fictions of poetic art.

See Aſton's fane her groaning valves expand,
In ſable woe receive her Paſtor dead;
See round his bier, no mimic mourners, ſtand
The friends he cheriſh'd, and the flock he fed.

Mark from its height the ſolemn organ breathe;
'Twas his own hand that plac'd the muſic there:
Liſt to the infant choir that chaunts beneath;
'Twas his own taſk their early ſong to rear.

Behold the white-rob'd Miniſter of Heav'n
(Such was he once!) the hallow'd rites begin;
Tell of the grave ſubdued, a Saviour giv'n,
Life without end, and bliſs unſtain'd by ſin.

Hark! Heard ye not the grating cords withdrawn?
Then fought Mortality her laſt abode;
There waits the bluſh of that eternal dawn,
Which "bids the pure in heart behold their God."

Hark! "Earth to earth—" The lifted ſpade behold!
With liſtening awe behold each face o'erſpread!—
With ſullen ſound the emblematic mould
Drops on the hollow manſion of the dead!

"Aſhes to aſhes"—Yet again the ſound!
Accordant groans from every breaſt reply.
"Duſt to—" In ſobs the failing voice is drown'd:
The burſting ſorrows ſtream from every eye.

Clos'd be the funeral ſcene! On ſeraph wing
Let Hope the dead purſue to realms above;
View him to meet his bleſt MARIA ſpring,
Nor fear the agonies of ſever'd love.

For Hope was his, and Faith's celeſtial ray:
Faith could the gloom of ſever'd love aſſuage *;
Brighten'd in manhood's golden prime the lay †,
And warm'd with holy flame the ſong of age ‡.

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* See the Epitaph on his Wife.

† See the Elegy on the Death of a Lady.

‡ See the Sonnets on the Anniverſay of his Birth-Day 1795 and 1796. A third, on the Anniverſary in the preſent year, (Feb. 23, 1797,) was communicated by him to ſome of his friends. The Author was then ſeventy-two.

His breaſt, of lawleſs anarchy the foe,
For Britain ſwell'd with Freedom's patriot zeal *;
Nor thus confin'd, for every clime could glow,
And in a Slave's a Brother's wrongs could feel:

Could feel, o'er Afric's race when Avarice ſpread
Her bloody wing, and ſhook in ſcorn the chain;
While Juſtice, hand in hand by Mercy led,
To Chriſtian ſenates cried, and cried in vain!

Now their new gueſt the ſacred hoſts include,
They who on earth with kindred luſtre ſhone;
Whom love of God to love of Man ſubdu'd,
Nor Pride nor Avarice fear'd the heart to ſtone.

* See the Secular Ode on the Anniverſay of the Revolution 1688.

There ſhall he join the Bards whoſe hallow'd aim
Sought from the droſs of earth the ſoul to raiſe:
Diſdain'd the meed of periſhable fame,
And ſunk the Poet's in the Chriſtian's praiſe.

There 'mid empyreal light ſhall hail his GRAY;
There MILTON thron'd in peerleſs glory ſee;
The wreath that flames on THOMSON's brow ſurvey;
The vacant crown that, COWPER, waits for thee.

EPITAPH

ON THE

REV. WILLIAM MASON.

BRITAIN! If ſtrains that Greece had joy'd to own,
Strains that ſymphonious to the Druid's lyre,
While Freedom linger'd on her tottering throne,
Breathed o'er the ſoul the glow of patriot fire;

Britain! If ſtrains like theſe can touch thy heart;
Or lays that flow'd, when Taſte, by Nature led,
O'er her wild beauties flung the grace of Art;
Here duteous bend before thy Maſon dead!

So, till from Heaven the knell of earth is rung,
Till the Laſt Flames thy ſylvan pomp invade,
So mayſt Thou graſp the Liberty he ſung,
So bloom thine Iſle the Garden he pourtray'd!

Swell then from all thy realms thy Poet's praiſe—
Hark to the nobler praiſe that ſhakes the ſkies!
See Angel Myriads on his marble gaze:
Hear raptured Seraphs—"There a Chriſtian lies!"

TO

MY SON,

ON THE

DESTRUCTION OF NEEDWOOD FOREST.

Written in May, 1803.

REMOTE in ſtation, not in heart,
In home concerns you bear a part:
Nor, wrapt in Dunham's groves, diſdain
The fate of Needwood's wild domain.
While Fancy, wak'd from viſions gay
To ſhare the peaceful joys of May,
Beholds a ſable cloud advance
Charged with thy wrath, ambitious France!
And hears again thy thunders roar,
Britain! o'er many a diſtant ſhore:

Contiguous foes in cloſe array
Our ſympathetic eyes ſurvey;
Our ſympathetic ears abhor
The mournful ſound of nearer war.
Encamp'd on yonder ſouthern hill
That ſloping fronts the Foreſt-Mill;
To pity deaf, in martial train,
Their arms far gleaming on the plain,
At day-break iſſues forth the hoſt:
Aloft in air the ſteel is toſt:
Man urges Man; ſtroke cries to ſtroke:
Loud-craſhing falls th' aſtoniſh'd oak.
Wide and more wide the ſlaughter ſpreads:
Succeſſive woodlands bow their heads.
The birds their ruin'd haunts forſake:
The ſquirrel flies the echoing brake:
And glancing trouts their terrors hide
Beneath the brook's impending ſide.
Stretch'd on the deſolated ſteep,
And drench'd in more than wintry ſleep,
The mighty victims lie; nor dream
Of lightning braved, of freſhening ſtream,

Or vernal gale, or ſummer ſun.
Their joys are paſt: their courſe is run.
Yet, while beſide her ſylvan friends
In fond regret Affection bends:
O'erſtep not, Grief! thy juſt extent;
Nor ſtain her tears with diſcontent.
If patriot Care, that feels for all,
Slow-pondering, dooms yon ſhades to fall:
If Law demands their native bed
To enlarge a kingdom's ſcanty bread:
If Albion's flocks and Albion's kine
'Midſt inſufficient limits pine:
Own we the call, "To others do
"What render'd ye could wiſh to you:"
Be every ſelfiſh thought withſtood,
And grief abſorb'd in general good.
If long facilities of ill,
Nurſed and matured by lonely Skill,
Needwood! thine ample verge around
The ſenſe of Right and Wrong confound:
If ſcreen'd by gloomy Solitude
'Through the deep wood marauders rude

By day, by night, range unrepreſt,
Nor ſpare the Sabbath's holy reſt:
If Crimes from ſmall tranſgreſſions flow;
If pilfering ſtealth to rapine grow;
If deer purloin'd by treſpaſs bold
Train up the plunderer of the fold,
The wanderer of the duſk prepare
The manſion's bolted ſtrength to dare:
With Toil if Virtue hand in hand
Approach; if Sloth, if Fraud expand,
As neighbouring ſhades are ſwept away,
Her breaſt to evangelic day:
Serene we mark the Foreſt nod,
And yield our much-loved oaks to God.
So Lebanon! with thundering ſhock
When plunging prone from rock to rock
At Hiram's word thy cedars die;
Havock's bare arm with louring eye
The nations view. But when they hear
The trunks JEHOVAH'S FANE ſhall rear;
Delight transforms each angry gaze,
And murmurs change to grateful praiſe.

Yet from the biting axe ſecure
Some favour'd ſcenes ſhall ſtill endure.
And as, in Barca's wild forlorn,
The Pilgrim's eye at peep of morn
Beholds a green Oaſis ſmile,
Mid ſeas of ſand a tufted iſle:
So Theſe, while o'er ſurrounding plains
In tedious ſameneſs Culture reigns,
Shall ſhine, preſerved by faithful Taſte,
Memorials of the beauteous waſte.

INNOVATION:

A POEM.

INNOVATION.

'Tis March! How warm this cottage-garden ſpreads
Full to the Southern clime its little beds!
Here, time-worn pales the ſearching North oppoſe;
There, intertwiſted thorns the entrance cloſe:
While gooſeberries renown'd for luſcious juice,
Mix'd with the fragrant briar, thoſe for uſe
Cultured, for pleaſure this, combine their ſcreen,
And tip the lengthening bud with early green.
Lo, half conceal'd from each incurious view
By wither'd ſage and ever-verdant rue,
Yon ſnow-drops, heralds of the opening year,
Through melting drifts in kindred veſture peer.

Their modeſt heads the florets bend to earth,
And ſeem to ſhun the beams that gave them birth!
While, boldly venturing from the guardian hedge
The crocus, poſted on the border's edge,
Expands her boſom to the noon-tide rays,
And all her golden cups return the blaze.
Hark! round yon hive the buſy murmur rings.
What crowds in frolic circles ply their wings,
Reviving ſuns in glad commotion hail,
And drink the freſhneſs of the vernal gale!
While theſe in ſports their vacant raptures pour,
Thoſe wiſer haunt the new-diſcover'd flower;
Each fragrant cell explore, each nectar'd fold,
Glean the new wax, and load their thighs with gold.
Propt on his ſpade behold the owner ſtand,
And watch, abſorb'd in thought, th' induſtrious band
While Hope, exulting many a month before,
Computes the weight of their autumnal ſtore.

With calmer tide when ſanguine paſſions roll,
And Peace and Muſing harmoniſe the ſoul,

What charms hath ſimple Nature! O'er the heart
A penſive pleaſure ſteals: the toys of Art—
" Nature!" exclaims a Critic, while ſurpriſe
Wrinkles his brow, dilates his angry eyes;
" What mighty charms can barren Nature ſhew?
" Nature, grown old five thouſand years ago:
" Nay, thrice five thouſand—thanks to modern lore,
" That lying Hebrew can delude no more—
" The charms of ſimple Nature! Grant them true:
" With ſimple Nature what haſt thou to do?
" Of yore, as when the infant's drawling tongue
" Forms its vile cadence to the Nurſe's ſong;
" Dandled in Nature's arms, poetic brains
" Tun'd to her chords their monotonic ſtrains:
" And, darkling ſtill, from beams of modern day
" Yon rhymers turn; and Cowper leads the way.
" Shall bards then trace, in Freedom's reign, the plan
" By poets hackney'd ſince the world began;
" Greet with obedient faith each pedant rule
" Enforced in Homer's antiquated ſchool;

" Pace the dull track of old by Virgil trod;
" And ſtill, like children, crouch to Nature's rod!
" Lo, Innovation, every wing unfurl'd,
" Sails all-transforming o'er th' awaken'd world;
" Redeems from error's graſp the free-born mind,
" Reforms, illumines, bleſſes all mankind;
" To heights unknown exalts each liberal art;
" Tears up inveterate ſyſtems from the heart;
" Bids king and noble to the mob return;
" Views in one pile crowns, ſceptres, titles, burn;
" Her dungeon'd prey bids Tyranny releaſe;
" Cries, 'War to thrones, but to the cottage peace!'
" Rains Trees of Liberty on realms of ſlaves,
" And high in air ten thouſand ſcions waves:
" Sweeps from his lurking-hole the wily prieſt,
" Creeds, that degrade the human to the beaſt;
" Bids, while ſage Godwin's leſſons to decry
" Men, ſlaves of cuſtom, obſtinately *die*,
" Bids welcome Truth the cloſing eyelid ſteep
" In tranquil dews of never-ending ſleep:

" Bids Reaſon bow the Nations to her nod,
" Throned in the ſeat of an exploded God.
" Scorn of regenerate Man, ſhall bards alone
" The call of Senſe and Liberty diſown?
" Writ'ſt thou for praiſe, for pleaſure, or for
" pay,
" Hail Innovation's beatific ſway;
" Baſk in the glare of her unclouded beams,
" And quaff delirious rapture from her ſtreams."
Thanks for thy counſel, be it worſt or beſt.
Critic, the ſchool that form'd thee is confeſt:
And well thy dogmas with that ſchool accord;
No ſchool of Nature, nor of Nature's Lord!
Yet many a claimant of poetic bays,
Child of that ſchool, in theſe enlighten'd days,
Crafty in years, or ignorant in youth,
Contemns the path of Nature and of Truth;
Prepared the luckleſs reader to beguile
By alter'd principles and alter'd ſtyle.

And though fleet Giffard * his indignant thong
Cracks, as he drives the motley troop along:
Though (train'd to nobler prey) yon archer band
Take in the public track † their humble ſtand,
Rouſe with the opening dawn the noxious game,
And rear by weekly toil perennial fame:
Though he ‡, by all explored, to all unknown,
Who tears all vizors while he guards his own,
With ſhouts from twenty throats the foe alarms,
And wields alike antique and modern arms:
Lo, ſtill new tribes th' eternal war provoke,
And riſe like Lerna's heads beneath the Victor's ſtroke.
So, when the barn devouring rats invade,
Arm'd with the vengeful weapons of his trade,
The Foe of vermin walks his annual round;
Traps, dogs, and ferrets clear the haunted ground:

* Author of the Baviad and Mæviad.
† The Authors of the poetry in the Anti-Jacobin newſpaper.
‡ The Author of the Purſuits of Literature.

Swarming ere long another brood appears,
And gnaws the plenty of ſucceeding years.

Yes, bards can innovate. Full many a wight,
Pen, paper, inkſtand, all prepared to write,
Hears, as it ſeems, a ſage adviſer ſay;
"Would'ſt thou, when ſcarce the efforts of a day
"Squeeze from thy brain ten little drops of ſenſe,
"With laviſh hand the modicum diſpenſe?
"Huſband thy treaſure; ſpread it broad and thin:
"Let gloſs without hide emptineſs within.
"Art thou exhauſted? Mark thy neighbour's ſtore:
"Let ſcatter'd fragments of productive ore,
"Drawn from a plunder'd predeceſſor's mine,
"Amid thy droſs with tarniſh'd luſtre ſhine.
"Let fleckeſt mantles of euphonic art
"To meagre ſentiment a grace impart.
"Hot-preſs'd, wire-woven, let thy ſnowy page
"With Bulmer's type the vacant mind engage:
"Or if the mind the weak attempt defy,
"Still win the ear, ſtill captivate the eye."

From line to line the flickering ſplendors run,
As varniſh'd tea-boards glitter in the ſun.
See gariſh Ornament, with painted face,
No more content to hold the ſecond place,
In gay confuſion, human and divine,
Falſe, true, old, modern, preſent, paſt, combine;
O'er allegoric hyperbolic verſe
Trope after trope, an endleſs ſhower, diſperſe;
Huge ſimilies from page to page unroll,
And form the texture of the flimſy whole.
So, claſſic rills where Tiber's fountains pour,
Some ſelf-exalted Claudio of the hour,
Of brilliance prating, toils to deck more bright
His pictures gaudy with exceſs of light.
From ſide to ſide a tinſel luſtre plays;
Sky, rock, hill, water, wood, renew the blaze:
Again the artiſt ſcans the landſcape round;
Travels with gilding touch from ground to ground
And when at length, ſurvey'd at diſtance due,
The work, now deem'd complete, enchants his view

A ſober corner ſpies, the bruſh reſumes,
Another and another ſpeck illumes;
Nor lets one ſolitary ſpot diſcloſe
The ſimple charm of ſhadow and repoſe.

From ſtyle ſubdued, to bolder flights the bard
Adventurous turns, nor finds th' adventure hard.
From vulgar ſhackles freed, his liberal ſtrain
Bids us the links of prejudice diſdain:
And, as from proſe, no leſs we learn from ſong
The glorious truth, "Whatever is, is wrong."
The firm eſtabliſhed, all arrangements made,
Well form'd, well freighted, for their novel trade,
Poetic merchantmen to every gale
In Folly's ſervice hoiſt the ready ſail.
Their barks by inland navigation glide
To every creek of her domeſtic tide;
Glean from each county with diſcernment nice
For every palate an appropriate vice:
Then by each town and village anchor caſt,
And feed their thouſands with the rich repaſt.

Next with full canvas from their native ſtrand
The helm they ply to many a foreign land;
To marts remote in queſt of miſchief roam,
And bear with joy the precious cargo home.
Their barks import; to mend our ſlaviſh laws,
Fraternal maxims, philoſophic ſaws,
That teach how bleſt, Equality, thy ſway;
How bleſt, where all command and none obey!
Their barks import the ſceptic note abſurd,
The ſhallow cavil at the Sacred Word,
The gibe, the blundering ſcoff, that, here deviſed,
Then 'croſs the Channel ſent, at home deſpiſed,
A Briton's fancy yet may chance to hit,
New-cloth'd, and trimmed with lace of Gallic wit.
Their barks import, to renovate the age,
New Codes of Morals from the German ſtage.
Thence Guilt arrives in gorgeous robes array'd;
Till, at the glare while modeſt virtues fade,

By Etna's light as ſtars and planets faint,
We rank a *Robber* * higher than a Saint.
Thence too we learn how, ſhipwreck'd in Pellew,
A Huſband, hamper'd by conjunctures new,
Lord of two wives, this wedded in the iſle,
That diſembarking from his native ſoil,
By each aſſail'd, to give up either loth,
Concludes in partnerſhip to keep them both † :
How with accordant ſway the charmers reign,
And bring the patriarchal days again.

When damps mephitic to the darken'd ſkies
In wide-extended effervescence riſe ;
We cannot wonder the poetic tribe
A portion of the floating gas imbibe.
When tongues, that cry to all the human race,
Shake univerſal Nature on her baſe ;

* In alluſion to a well-known Drama, by Schiller.

† In alluſion to a recent Drama, by Kotzebue.

No wonder nerves, to every paſſing tone
Keenly alive, the general impulſe own.
And well that Siren tongue may lull the ear,
The heart expand, the ardent boſom cheer,
That tells of Slaves to liberty reſtored;
Of ploughſhares temper'd from the uſeleſs ſword;
Of equal laws that bind and bleſs the whole,
And ties fraternal linking pole to pole.
But firſt the deeds of Innovation prove:
Try by her fruits her title to our love.
And though we grant in many a diſtant land
Augèan ſtables aſk her cleanſing hand;
Though on our public pile a ſpot or ſtain
Of human imperfection yet remain;
Say, ſhall our country's welfare meet its doom
Beneath the twigs of her relentleſs broom?
But let her come; and, as ſhe wins her way,
The wonted trophies of her might diſplay:
High o'er the frantic crowd in triumph ſwing
The gory viſage of a murder'd king;

From thronged ſcaffolds toſs the patriot's head;
Baniſh the Senator, or ſmite him dead;
Hear, as ſhe ſtalks, deluded nations groan,
Equal in guilt and miſery alone:
Then at the houſe of God direct her ire,
Shake the tall pillar, cleave the nodding ſpire;
Melt the huge bell to cannon, and for balls
Strip coffin'd reliques of their leaden walls;
Sell the bare pile a theatre to raiſe,
Or bid it for her Guards a kitchen blaze;
Or, as the Saviour's birthplace to deride,
Stable her war-horſe at the altar's ſide:
Unbar the floodgates of licentious rage,
Bid the wild torrent ſpare nor ſex nor age;
Till, as to every wind the ſtreams divide,
Law, Cuſtom, Order, ſink beneath the tide:
And if ſome bolder ſpirits nobly ſtrive
To ſave ſome ſparks of antient worth alive;
As ſeamen, rolling in the briny grave,
At times emerge and ſtruggle with the wave

Pour down her cataracts with deepening roar,
Till the red deluge ſwims from ſhore to ſhore!
But Peace and Plenty mark her equal reign;
And bliſs peculiar crowns the village train!
Conſult yon hind—Did claims of rent expire,
When *Citizen* aſſumed the place of *'Squire?*
Gains he another field, now Lords are flown?
Pays he leſs impoſt, now the tithes are gone?
Beholds that cottager new pleaſures wait,
And ſue for entrance at his humble gate?
Diſcerns he none? Then may he boaſt the old
Still undiminiſh'd in this Age of gold;
Beneath his lowly roof in peace repoſe,
And take in ſafety what his God beſtows;
Survey at eaſe his garden's vernal pride,
The ſcythe athwart his loaded meadow guide,
From Autumn's wealth the pendent bough relieve
With crackling faggots cheer the winter eve?
The ſun is ſet: the daily taſk is o'er:—
Lo, military ruffians burſt the door;

With ſavage eye the ſons, the father ſcan,
Stern REQUISITION ſcowling in the van.
May one eſcape? The knell of all is rung:
"Nor this," She cries, "too old, nor that too young:"
Then ſends the pinion'd ſlaves the ſword to wield,
And fight *for Freedom* in a diſtant field.
"Dreamer!" I hear the critic voice reply:
"What, with our grandfathers did Wiſdom die?
"Shall Man to torpid ſloth inglorious bend,
"Nor ſtep by ſtep Perfection's height aſcend?
"Shall a vain ſound, by intereſted fear
"Rung like a 'larum in the public ear,
"Watchword of Folly, Ignorance, and Pride,
"For ever check Improvement's rolling tide?
"Art thou of change, becauſe 'tis change, the foe?
"Friend of all wrong, becauſe eſtabliſh'd?"—No.
When Innovation with impartial ſcales
Decides that evil over good prevails;
By righteous means promotes a righteous plan;
To God gives glory, happineſs to man:

To proſperous gales be all her wings unfurl'd;
Swift be their flight, and may they ſhade the world!
Then, whether laws unjuſt or undefined
Sons of one ſtate with links unequal bind;
When Ignorance, that leans on tyrant Might,
Seals the barr'd entrance, and excludes the light;
Through Superſtition's fog with alter'd mien
And giant port when Heavenly Truth is ſeen:
Then may all Lands that fraud and force enthrall
Hear Innovation's ſpirit-ſtirring call;
And as it hears may every region ſmile
As free and happy, Britain, as thine iſle:
Or, that too little, ſmile if more may be,
Than Britain's iſle more happy and more free!
But when, regardleſs of what millions feel,
She ſports at random with a nation's weal;
Becomes to Selfiſhneſs a willing tool;
Plucks down a chief to bid his rival rule;
Pretends a bleſſing, and bequeaths a curſe;
The good to bad transforms, the bad to worſe;

Turns to an iron curb a teaſing rein;
Removes a cord, and faſtens on a chain;
Faith diſavows as antiquated lies;
Abjures th' Eternal Monarch of the ſkies;
Views bleeding Nature ſhrink beneath her rod,
Alike the foe of Freedom and of God:
O ſoon may He, who ſhakes this tottering ball,
His vengeful Miniſter of wrath recall;
Some milder ſcourge bid guilty nations feel,
And bright with beams of love his pitying face reveal!

THE END.

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